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LITERATURE.

Miracle Plays and Sacred Dramas. Translated from the German of Prof. Hase by A. W. Jackson, and Edited by the Rev. W. W. Jackson. (Trübner.)

It is supposed to be hard measure, critically speaking, to bring general objections against a book before giving the results of detailed critical examination of it. There are, however, as it seems to us, some rather grave general objections to be brought against *Miracle Plays and Sacred Dramas* in its present English dress. In the first place, the lectures which are here translated were delivered by Prof. Hase twenty-three years ago, and it is no shame to any man that a book dealing with mediaeval literature, written at that time, should be hardly up to the level of the increased knowledge which a quarter of a century of laborious work has given us. In the second place, by changing the title from "The Religious Play" to its present form, the translator and editor have handicapped their author still further and still more unfairly, for the "Miracle Play" is exactly the point upon which Prof. Hase is weakest. He seems at the time of his lectures to have honestly consulted most of the authorities then available, though in the list we observe one great omission, that of Onésyme Leroy's *Études sur les Mystères*. But the almost more important work of MM. Marius Sepet and Léon Gautier was not open to him, for the excellent reason that it did not then exist; while it was only the other day that MM. G. Paris and Raynaud made the great *Mystère de la Passion* of Greban accessible in its entirety, and that the Old-French Text Society began the publication of the vast collection of Miracles of the Virgin as a whole. This being the case, and the professor having, as it would appear, no specially wide or accurate first-hand knowledge of Old-French literature, his account of the birth and early fortunes of the religious play is necessarily defective. Writing with a view to the present revival of the Oberammergau Mystery, as the translators do, they have naturally, but we think unwisely, laid stress in their title on the connexion of the book with the history and ancestry of that institution. In reality, the original title of Prof. Hase's work describes it much better. His book is really an account, not elaborately scholarly or accurate at this date, but interesting enough, of the religious play in the various forms (or some of them) which it has assumed in Europe. The most interesting chapter by far, as it seems to us, is that which contains abstracts of the plots of many of the works

of Calderon and Lope; the least are those which deal with the Miracle Play and the French classico-sacred drama of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Unluckily, these are among the most important for an accurate knowledge of the subject and its history.

To come down from generalities to particulars, it does not appear that Prof. Hase had, when he wrote in 1857, by any means a clear or accurate knowledge of the history of the French Mystery, which is, it need hardly be said, much more important than that of any other European nation. This is evident at once from the way in which he speaks of the Mystery of the Ten Virgins, which he says is written in scriptural Latin except that Christ repeats his words and the virgins answer "in Provençal verse." Now it is quite true that some forms in this piece are of a Southern complexion, but no one who knows Old French could possibly call the dialect Provençal. A subsequent reference to "Provençal Mysteries" tells the same tale. We have not Prof. Hase's original before us, and it is therefore possible that his translator has done him injustice in making him call Philippe de Remy a Troubadour instead of a Trouvère. Considering that in Monmerqué and Michel's book (which is cited) a long extract from the *Roman de la Manekine* is given in the purest Northern French, it seems impossible that the professor can have made such a blunder as this. More important, perhaps, than these minute errors is the confusion of the whole account of the early French plays. As far as a reader of these lectures would be likely to judge, the Morality was an early development of the scriptural Mystery and the Miracle Play strictly so called was a hybrid between the two. Nothing can be farther from the truth. It is possible that there may have been Moralities of the fourteenth century, when allegory and abstract personages were in high favour, but there is not one tittle of evidence to show that there were any, and the earliest existing Morality dates from a time well within the fifteenth. On the other hand, the Miracles of Théophile and St. Nicholas are of the thirteenth century, and the vast collection of *Miracles de la Vierge* which, as before mentioned, the Old-French Text Society is now for the first time publishing complete is of the fourteenth. To do Prof. Hase justice, it must be said that his language is not always inconsistent with a knowledge of these facts, but it does not convey them by any means clearly. Nor, had he (as his translators have made him design in their title) designed a formal account of the Miracle Play, could he have omitted something like an analysis of the two most remarkable of all such performances—the vast Mystery of the Passion of A. Greban and the equally vast *Mystère du Vieil Testament* of unknown authorship. Similar lacunae, too, are found in the notice of the French sacred tragedies of the sixteenth and early seventeenth century, in which Prof. Hase was evidently guided at second-hand by the meritorious but summary sketch of Ebert. The dismissal of Garnier's masterpiece with a bare mention, and the omission of all mention of Montchristien's *Aman*, are particularly unfortunate, because they tend by republication to perpetuate the absurd notion that Corneille and

Racine were in some sort mysterious *autochtones* without literary father or mother.

The translators, with creditable industry, have endeavoured to complete the notes as well as they could, especially in reference to English matters. Their efforts are praiseworthy, if not in all cases according to knowledge. It would have been much better to refer readers anxious for information about the *Gesta Romanorum* to Oesterley and Sir F. Madden than to Warton and Mr. Herrtage. Nor, had they been acquainted with the literature of French sacred drama, would they have ventured the statement that "the amount of the grotesque element in the Mysteries is relatively small," and that farce was "not of common origin with the Mystery." That the germ of the independent farces is to be found, from the dramatic point of view, in the comic interludes of the religious dramas, which long preceded any secular ones, seems, on the other hand, probable, if not certain. However, the real fault lies not so much in these almost unavoidable errors of detail as in the attempt, by patching up and altering the title, to make work which was designed for one purpose subserve another. There is plenty of interesting matter in this book, but it is ill suited for an introduction to the Oberammergau play, and was evidently never intended as such by its author, though it contains some good remarks on the play itself. Next to the section on Spanish drama, that on Hans Sachs may be read with most pleasure, the extracts given from the good master-singer being both characteristic and attractive. We can also speak very well of the last chapter, which discusses the modern aspect of the religious drama in Germany and the connexion between the Church and the stage generally. The translation is, on the whole, very good, Germanisms being not indeed wholly absent, but avoided to a very creditable extent. If the translators merely wished to give English readers the opportunity of acquainting themselves with a pleasant and instructive work they have done well. But if they wished to supply a really valuable introduction to the intelligent study of the Oberammergau play they would have done much better to translate the dramatic section of Aubertin's recent *Histoire de la Littérature française au Moyen Age*, adding in notes Prof. Hase's instances from German and Spanish literature and their own from English, with additional remarks on the Breton and Basque Mysteries, which continued to be acted, the former till half-a-century ago, and the latter to the present day. Somebody might still do this, and it would be a useful work.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

Imperial England. By Prof. Montagu Burrows, R.N., M.A. (Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.)

THOUGH some parts of the work of Prof. Burrows were written many years ago, it possesses a particular interest at the present time. An opportune moment has been chosen for its publication. Not since the close of the Crimean War has the nation been so profoundly stirred by external politics as during the last three years. The course of the conflict between the two ancient antagonists in Eastern Europe has been followed by

the English people with the keenest attention, through a deep-seated conviction that their own interests and the safety of their empire might be seriously endangered. Prof. Burrows entertains a strong belief that the history of the growth of the "British empire" is but imperfectly grasped by the popular mind, and that amid the strife of parties an improper meaning has been assigned to the word "imperialism." The aim of his work is to show as concisely as possible the means by which the successive acquisitions of this country have been obtained, and the treaties by which they have been secured. The doctrine of the balance of power has been fiercely assailed by some of our most powerful orators during the last twenty years, and has become somewhat unpopular. A feeling is fast gaining ground that most of the wars in which England spent her blood and her treasure were entered upon in a mistaken course of policy. Prof. Burrows labours assiduously to prove that English Ministers have acted wisely in striving to maintain this balance, and that their successors should be animated with like views in the future. With this belief he passes in review the countless wars which have been waged in Europe during the last two centuries, and criticises the treaties which have afforded the combatants a few short years of quiet to recruit their armies and husband their resources. The result of this "extensive view" is satisfactory. Wars and treaties alike are all pronounced good. Even the seizure of the Danish fleet at Copenhagen is justified on the plea of necessity. True that "it was too successful, too barefaced a robbery," and committed by a nation which had only recently entered upon a nobler system of policy. Granted that it was an imitation of the most discreditable and lawless proceedings of the French; all this will be forgotten, thinks Prof. Burrows, by those who rightly consider the necessities of the case. Even the effects of the American war are regarded with satisfaction. In that disastrous contest there were sunk a hundred millions of money, and many thousands of lives were wasted; but we are called upon to look at the other side of the picture—to remember that a war against France and Spain was inevitable, and that it occurred at a convenient moment in the history of this country. Prof. Burrows quotes with approval the opinion of Mr. Massey that Englishmen obtained from free America "a commerce of a hundred millions in lieu of a barren sovereignty;" but neither of these gentlemen has attempted to show that such an increase in trade could not equally have been obtained had the war been brought to a conclusion two years previously or never been entered upon at all.

A considerable portion of this historical treatise is devoted to the consideration of the characters of the first three Georges. There is much to praise in either king, and, in dwelling on their merits, Prof. Burrows has but directed attention to some qualities ignored by preceding historians. The good sense of George II. in selecting his Ministers and in yielding a ready compliance to the wishes of his people is justly insisted upon; but it is somewhat overshooting the mark to

allege that his parsimony was forgotten by his subjects when they found that the whole of the royal savings passed to the treasury of his fondly beloved Hanover. Nor can we admit the absolute correctness of the author's enthusiastic admiration for George III. His capacity for work and his powers of memory were unsurpassed by any of his Ministers; his firmness under the galling yoke of the governing families of England, and his courage when it seemed that the contest between people and Parliament over the body of Wilkes might lead to a civil war, are points on which Prof. Burrows dwells with delight. But, in estimating the value of that King's influence on the history of this country, he repeats the error which detracts from his praise of the other monarchs. By affecting to dispute the justice of the popular accusations he weakens the force of his criticism. It is idle at this date to attempt to deny that George III. endeavoured to introduce into public life the system of personal government, or to ignore the part played by the "King's friends" in opposition to the measures of his responsible Ministers. This indiscriminate eulogy diminishes the value of the arguments of Prof. Burrows. We can sympathise with him in his enthusiasm for the vigorous policy of Chatham and the financial ability of the younger Pitt, but must at once repudiate the assertions that the Reform Bill of 1832 was based on the proposals of the latter, and that the peerages which he scattered abroad among his faithful followers were created with the deliberate intention of converting a close chamber into a representative institution. Against the popular opinion which persists in assigning to the heaven-born statesman the chief blame for the failure of his foreign alliances and for the mistakes of his generals, Prof. Burrows enters a firm and decided protest. But is not the view of the multitude more reasonable than that of the professor? The power of the Prime Minister was greater than that of his royal master. If Pitt had shown a fixed determination that the command of the British army in the Low Country should be entrusted to Cornwallis, the man of his choice, and should not be conferred on an incapable prince, the threat of a ministerial resignation would soon have reduced the King to an agreement with his Minister and spared the nation an inglorious campaign. The failure of such measures must fall on the subject, and if Prof. Burrows insists, as he may with every reason, on our assigning to Chatham the credit for the noble warriors who responded to his genius, he must not be surprised if we refuse to withhold from other Ministers their due share of the blame for the faults of their servants. At a time when foreign affairs have engrossed a large, possibly an undue, share of public attention, such a treatise as this is of especial value. Prof. Burrows has selected a good subject, and has compressed considerable information into a small compass without overcrowding his pages with detail. But his views are those of a politician of the past rather than of the school destined to determine the foreign policy of England in the future.

W. P. COURTNEY.

The Odyssey of Homer. Done into English Verse by Avia. (C. Kegan Paul & Co.)

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD has told us that "in a verse translation no original work is any longer recognisable." It is due to Avia to say at once that, although he writes not only in verse but in rhyme, he has struggled manfully with the difficulties which he has imposed upon himself. He has translated, it is true, with a mill-stone about his neck, and has failed to give us the truth, or even half the truth, about Homer. No one who "both knows Greek and can appreciate poetry" will receive from it "the same feeling which the original gives him," or anything like it. But Avia is a fluent, easy writer, who handles a swinging, flexible metre with considerable skill and force, and has clearly taken pains, under adverse circumstances, to keep close to the Greek; indeed, in the mere numerical faithfulness of line-for-line rendering, *si qua est ea gloria*, he is almost as laudable as Voss. The following extracts will give a fair idea of his performance (xiii. 75):—

"Then aboard did the hero go, and silently down he lay:
And along the thwarts arow all orderly ranged were they:
And the hawser loose they cast from the stone where through it was passed;
And they bent to the stroke and they tore the white foam up with the oar.
Then the dews of a dreamless sleep o'er his weariful eyelids streamed;
Most sweet, unbroken and deep, and likest to death it seemed.
And as all together dash four stallions over the plains
At the toss of the whistling lash, at the toss of the glancing reins,
And they bound thro' the air, and they fly, as borne on the wings of the wind,
So was the stern tost high as the good ship leapt, and behind
Rushing the dark wave sped of the manifold-roaring sea;
And unwaveringly onward she fled: so swiftly, so surely went she."

Or again, in a higher flight (xx. 345):—

"Then from the suitor throng, by Pallas Athene raised,
Pealed laughter loud and long, and their wildered thoughts were dazed.
And their laughter grew frenzied and wild, with a weird unnatural sound,
And the meats were blood-defiled that they gorged, and their eyes were drowned
With tears, and their souls were a-dread with a horror of death-wails near.
And aghast Theoclymenus said to the rest, the godlike seer:
'Ah! wretches, what doom is upon you? with night are your heads overclouded,
And your faces and knees beneath are with blackness of darkness enshrouded:
There is wildfire of shrieking and moaning, and tears on your cheeks as a flood;
And the walls and the mid-pillar spaces fair are bedabbled with blood:
With phantoms the porchway is thronged, and the court from wall to wall,
Rushing forth to the nether world gloom, and the sky blackens down as a pall,
For the sun is dead, and a mist and a death-damp swept over all.'"

These passages are spirited and powerful, and may be taken as favourable specimens; but it will be observed that they have some metrical peculiarities. Now, without entering upon the vexed question as to the ideal metre for the translation of Homer, we may safely say that any metre which is intended

to produce on the ear of the English reader something like the effect of the Homeric hexameter must be flowing, must be rapid, and must lend itself readily to variety of scansion and variety of pause. But this is not all. Homer's metre is uniform—that is to say, the reader knows, within certain narrow and well-understood limits, exactly what to expect; he cannot by any possibility be in doubt, when he has read twenty lines, how the twenty-first line will be framed or into what form the rhythm will be thrown. Let the reader of a translation once become uncertain about the metrical structure of the poem, let him once begin to doubt which is to be the emphatic syllable and where he is to expect a rhyme, and the even, continuous flow, which is characteristic of Homer above all poets, is gone at once.

Now it is obvious that this rule is continually violated in the translation before us. We begin the poem with a metre of six stresses in each line, rhymed as in the following couplet:—

"The Hero of craft-rendun, O Song-goddess, chant me his fame,
Who, when low he had laid Troy-town, unto
many a far land came."

This scheme appears to us to be objectionable from the first, the effect of the rhyme at the caesura being virtually to break up the couplet into four short lines, beside imposing a heavy and most unnecessary burden upon the rhyming ingenuity of the translator. But, such as it is, it is not long maintained. When we come to Zeus' speech (line 30), the caesural rhyme is suddenly dropped, and is not resumed until line 98. Soon other irregularities appear, "with fear of change perplexing" the reader. In line 101 we find a new movement,

"Of heroes that kindle the ire of the child of a mighty sire,"

to the utter destruction of the continuous flow of the verse. And so on, through passages such as the following, which is really a stanza of six lines (xi. 138):—

"Even so, I ween, have the high Gods spun my destiny thread.
But come, without fail, tell this unto me, for thereof am I fain:
Yonder the spirit I see of mine own dear mother dead;
But she silently sitteth anigh to the blood, and she doth not deign
To look on the face of her son, or to utter a word of greeting.
King, tell me how shall she know me again at this last meeting?"—

to this rendering of the song of the Sirens:—

"O come hither, and bring thy ship to the strand,
O Hero and King of Achaea-land,
For never was wight that sped onward his flight by the Sirens-band.
But he heareth our voices heart-thrilling uprise,
And his spirit rejoiceth, his soul is made wise,
And he leaveth our shore made rich with our lore
as with treasures of price"—

which is a mere jingle.

It follows that, where the scheme of metre is so variable, there is all the more need that each line should "read itself"—should explain its own structure at a glance. Unfortunately this is by no means always the case in Avia's translation. What is to be said of verses such as these?—

"Father stranger, the house I will show the whereof thou enquirest: it lies"—

or,
"Out of reverence we did it, because he dwelt mid the grove of trees"—
or,
"Stark mad is the stranger: witness he came from the alien shore."

Dr. Johnson remarked that "Lay your knife and your fork across your plate" might, from one point of view, be held to be a verse; and as much, we suppose, might be said for the lines which we have just quoted.

Another questionable practice, which is carried to a great extent in this work, is the use of double rhymes. Such rhymes in any non-lyrical metre should certainly be employed very sparingly. They are apt, at best, to mar the dignity of a line by causing it to end, not with a step, but with a stumble. Here they are exceedingly common, and, combined with what we have called the caesural rhyme, they produce a metre which might fairly be printed as follows:—

"Or to spare it, an offering to be
To the gods, and a propitiation:
But the last of the counsels three
Was to seal the fate of the nation."

(viii. 509)—

a metre which certainly does not represent the Homeric hexameter, but does forcibly remind us of the Scottish Metrical Psalter:—

"In them the birds of air have made
Their habitation,
Which do among the branches sing
With delectation."

The worst case, however, occurs in the rendering, which we forbear to quote, of (v. 125) ὡς δ' ὁ πότ' Ἰασίωνι ἐπλόκαρος Δημητρης κ.τ.λ., where "fashion" (*horresco referens*) rhymes with "passion."

It is the doom of those who translate Homer into verse that they must needs be constantly adding and importing words, ideas, and forms of speech which not only correspond to nothing in the Greek, but strike those who know the original with the effect of a false note in music. Avia, to do him justice, has tried to keep close to Homer; but the tyranny of rhyme and metre has been too much for him. Thus, for instance, Homer wrote (ix. 486), "and the backward flow of the wave bare the ship quickly to the dry land. . . . Then I caught up a long pole in my hands," &c. Avia throws this into a melodramatic form:—

"Backward, still backward urging—the ship is aground on the strand!
No! for with desperate grip I seized the pole," &c.

It is not easy to conceive anything more unlike the manner of Homer's narrative. This is a strong instance; but similar cases are not uncommon, and we may notice, in passing, what a curiously un-Homeric effect is produced by Avia's frequent use of the "historic present" tense. "A glory of golden sheaves" (*τεθαλινία ὄπωρη*) and "the wings of the night" (*κνέφας*) suggest reminiscences of Clough and of Longfellow; in a translation of the *Odyssey* such expressions are patches of new cloth on an old garment. Again, Homer tells us simply that Teiresias "went back, when he had told all his oracles." Avia amplifies from *Paradise Lost*:—

"The words of the prophet ended, yet lived they still in mine ear."

While for the familiar line—

οἱ δύναοις βελέσσιν ἐποιχούντη κατέπεφεν,
we have

"And softly chill me to death with arrows like falling snow."

Homer wrote nothing about chilling and nothing about snow; but we must have a rhyme to "bow" in the line before. Equally un-Homeric are such phrases as "beshrew thee" (*σχέτλιος εἰς*), "the storm-flends," "the rock of his spirit," and "to be drunk with my wrath;" and we must protest against "Heavens!" for *ὦ πότοι*. In x. 556 (*καραντίκρι τέγεος*), why should all mention of the roof be omitted in order to insert the words "with horror-struck thrill," which answer to nothing in the Greek? As for such compound formations as "the renowned Lame-on-either-side," "god-strong," "man-beast," "cloud-rack-clad," "curse-cup," "acre-abiding," they appear to us to be objectionable because they are odd, if for no other reason.

Avia austerely abstains from preface, dedication, and notes. Left thus to our own judgment, we should say that this translation was intended for those who, delighting in the poetry of Mr. William Morris, look upon Homer as a saga-man or a ballad-writer; and, if this is so, such expressions as "the folk-mote-place," "the house-carles," and "the salvage man" are no doubt in keeping. But we fear that, for want of real resemblance to Homer, this work will fail to attract scholars; and that the uncouthness of its versification and the frequent affectations of its style will prevent it, in spite of many merits, from attaining wide popularity.

J. A. GODLEY.

BYEGONE MANCHESTER.

Memorials of Byegone Manchester, with Glimpses of Environs. By Richard Wright Procter. (Manchester: Palmer & Howe.)

A PREVIOUS work by Mr. Procter, also referring to the memories of the past of the cotton metropolis, was reviewed in this journal on August 14, 1875. The words then written of the *Memorials of Old Manchester* would apply with equal force to its companion volume now before us. It is not an exhaustive history or an exact topographical delineation of either the past or the present of Manchester, but it is a volume of pleasant gossip which cannot fail to charm and instruct local readers, and is not without interest even for those who are remote from the streets whose historical and romantic associations have been chronicled by Mr. Procter. Whoever dips into these pages, whether Manchurian or stranger, will continually be reminded of the great changes that have come over the capital of the cotton kingdom within sixty years, to which Mr. Procter's reminiscences and gleanings are for the most part confined. The cost of compiling the Manchester Directory for 1811 was £20, while that of 1879 was £1,188 (pp. xix., xx.). The first contained about 11,600 names, the last about 198,000. It would be strange indeed if the rapid change indicated by these figures had not been accompanied by many notable incidents. We soon find that Mr. Procter has had both humorous and pathetic events

to chronicle, and that the time and place alike were favourable to the development of what is called "character." Of this a notable example is afforded by the Rev. Joshua Brooks, who was satirised in *Blackwood's Magazine* of sixty years ago, and who forms a prominent character in Mrs. Banks' well-known novel of *The Manchester Man*. There are endless stories told of his odd humour and quaint eccentricity. Instead of repeating these, Mr. Procter is content with a very cursory notice, supplemented by an admirable portrait, of this clergyman, who united the erudition of a scholar to the manners of a boor, who was unforgivably pious and yet pushed rough disregard to the verge of indecorum and irreverence. Joshua Brooks must have married no inconsiderable part of the population of Lancashire, for the people flocked from all the neighbouring towns and villages to the "old church" at Manchester, where Hymen did business by wholesale. One reading of the marriage service sufficed for a confused mob of lads and lasses, who were told to "couple as they went out"! Mr. Procter has revived the fading memory of the weird murder at Winton already immortalised by De Quincey, the fatal launch of the *Emma*, the sad fortune of the "Manchester Ophelia," the food and machinery riots of 1826 and 1829, and other occurrences, some of which throw a certain vivid light upon the past. Thus we read of the twelfth Earl of Derby driving in a carriage and four to the cockpit (p. 24). Even where the incidents are slight they are invested with a certain grace by the manner of their narration. Mr. Procter writes well. He is one of the few who realise that gossip is a fine art, and has in a marked degree that last gift of literary expression, the art that conceals art, so that the reader admires the general colour and effect without being too conscious of the cunning skill with which the separate pieces of the mosaic have been put together. Occasionally he trips, as when he speaks of Egyptians and Romans worshipping the "goddess" of Silence (p. 24). The singular misapprehension which converted the younger Horus into Harpocrates is a curious episode in mythology; but the dumb deity of the Greeks and the child-god of the Egyptians were both of the masculine gender. Indeed, misogynists would at once declare that there was an obvious impropriety in symbolising silence by a woman! Mrs. Browning did not think so, for she speaks of

"... a marble Silence, sleeping! (Lough the sculptor wrought her.)

So asleep, she is forgetting to say, *Hush!* a fancy quaint."

It would be possible to point out certain errors and omissions, as the name of the character—James Bagot—described on p. 30; that of Mr. W. H. Dixon; and the doubt as to the locality of Dr. Whitaker's house, which good authority declares to have been in Salford. The statement about transfusion of blood (p. 278) requires a good deal of confirmation before it can be accepted.

Some of the illustrations to Mr. Procter's volume are too slight and trivial—as, for instance, the very odd assortment of books facing p. 122—but others will be highly prized. Topographers will value the repro-

ductions of the maps and views of Manchester in 1751 and 1819, and the valuable monograph upon them contributed to the Appendix by Mr. John Leigh. Many more will see with pleasure the characteristic portrait of John Critchley Prince (p. 172), whose unfortunate career is one of the saddest episodes in the literary annals of Manchester. Mr. Procter's account of Prince and of the aspirants for poetic fame who met for kindly conference and friendly rivalry at "Poets' Corner" is a part of his book that will be welcome to many who have no inheritance in "Byegone Manchester." It is an interesting chapter in the history of provincial culture. Manchester had produced theologians like Bradford and Nowell, scholars like Whitaker and Travis, and men who had proved their valour alike at the stern siege of Gibraltar and on the bloody field of Carabobo. Its devotion to commerce and manufactures had never been entirely without a tincture of the humanities; but thirty or forty years ago there swelled a wave of literary enthusiasm which is not yet spent. The group of poetical aspirants included Mr. Hepworth Dixon, Mr. Charles Swain, Bradford the Radical, John Critchley Prince, and others whose names have not penetrated so far. Some "settled down" into merchants and bankers, some went hopelessly to the dogs, and others were cut off in the bright promise of youth. Many of them were remarkable for the energy that enabled them to surmount the depressing influences of their early surroundings. It may be said that none of them have attained high rank in the poetical hierarchy, but it is equally certain that some of the lyrics of Swain, Rogerson, and Prince have become household words wherever the English language is spoken.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

NEW NOVELS.

Jezebel's Daughter. By Wilkie Collins. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

An Australian Heroine. By R. Murray Prior. In 3 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

Loyal and Lawless. By Ulick Ralph Burke, Author of "Beating the Air." In 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mary Browne. By L. E. Wilton. In 3 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Three Shots from a Popgun. By James Prior. (Remington & Co.)

MR. WILKIE COLLINS, in dedicating *Jezebel's Daughter* to Alberto Caccia, throws down the gauntlet to his critics with appalling fierceness. Who, under penalty of being called a "nasty Tartuffe," will dare to question the moral purpose or aesthetic propriety of Mr. Collins's last book, though its very title is a challenge to the class of readers he designates "narrow-minded"? Assuming, then, that Mr. Collins has a right to weave as much crime as he pleases into his story, provided that it is artistically satisfactory, we are constrained, by innumerable resemblances of character, incident, and even expression, to try it by the severest of all tests—comparison with one of his own finest creations, *Armada*. The name *Jezebel's Daughter* will at once recall to every reader of faithful memory Mrs.

Oldershaw, the hateful, inimitable "Mother Jezebel" of the earlier work; while a faint and faded reflex of Miss Gwilt will be recognised in Mdme. Fontaine. They have the same snake-like, sensual grace; the same subtle and deadly influence over all male creatures; the same stormy gusts of affection and spasms of ineffective remorse; while both are occasionally on the verge of self-betrayal through bursts of furious temper. Like Miss Gwilt, Mdme. Fontaine has a senile lover, the close of whose harmless life she steepes in bitterness; and, like her prototype, she does not scorn to subjugate even servants. Like Miss Gwilt, Mdme. Fontaine marries unhappily, and early learns to tamper with human life; she keeps a diary apparently for the express purpose of condemning herself, and has a stock of poison ready for emergencies. The gravest reader must smile at the circumstantially described "Borgia poisons" of which Mdme. Fontaine possesses herself; and surely Mr. William Gilbert will enter the lists against the inventor of "Alexander's wine," and the "Looking-glass drops" whose receipt was concealed behind Lucrezia's mirror! The crisis of Mdme. Fontaine's career, like that of Miss Gwilt, is hastened by her notes of hand falling due; and both criminals (if Mr. Collins will permit the word) are killed by the means they had prepared for killing other people. Here, however, all resemblance ends. *Armada* is a highly finished work of art, in which every situation is necessary and every character striking. *Jezebel's Daughter* is hurried and rough-hewn; suggestions are made (such as the employment of women clerks) which lead to nothing; and but one character excites the smallest interest. Mdme. Fontaine is a very clumsy culprit, who might have been baffled at any moment if David Glenny had opened his lips; her daughter, Minna—typifying youthful innocence—is a shadow; while Minna's lover is a buffoon, given up to beer, tears, and kisses. Mr. Collins's object in creating Mdme. Fontaine, we are told, was to show "the restraining and purifying influence of maternal love" over "an otherwise cruel and degraded nature." But the maternal love which prompts to poisoning for the sake of the beloved object can scarcely be said to "purify." Jack Straw, introduced with tender pride as "the exhibition of an enfeebled intellect" in its "lightest and happiest aspect," is the least effective study in that gallery of grotesques with which Mr. Collins has amused or provoked a patient public; and Jack's change of aspect through poison irresistibly reminds us of the chemical experiment which turns "Poor Miss Finch's" luckless lover blue. Jack Straw's madness is feeble, his affection repulsive; and it is hard to sympathise with the philanthropy which induces a cultivated woman like Mrs. Wagner to have him always about her. The scene in the deadhouse at Frankfort should have afforded a splendid opportunity for the terrible, in which Mr. Collins was once *facile princeps*; but it only shows that he has now let fall his sceptre. Mrs. Wagner, a supposed corpse, is left in the mortuary, watched furtively by Mdme. Fontaine, who believes she has murdered

her, and openly by Jack Straw, who believes he has saved her. Had Mdme. Fontaine secreted herself for the purpose of removing the senseless fingers from the brass thimbles which afford means of summoning help should consciousness revive, there would have been an object in assembling them all in this ghastly *rendezvous*. But Jack is drawn from the side of his mistress to share the drunken orgies of the night watchman; and Mdme. Fontaine, joining them, has the fatal dose of "Alexander's wine" which she had prepared for Jack given accidentally to her. When at last Mrs. Wagner revives and rings the bell, the reader is out of patience with watching for it; and the toll, which would have been solemn during silence, is drowned in the coarse riot and general blue-fire of a catastrophe worthy of a "penny dreadful." At the same time, we are bound to confess that, however wearied or irritated we may be, Mr. Collins, like the Ancient Mariner, still holds us with his glittering eye while he tells his story, and compels us to listen till every word of his story is told.

"An Australian Heroine," while she remains in Australia, gives her name to a fresh, powerfully written story in which the landscapes are bold and clear, the characters original and consistent, and the incidents, though dramatic, not incredible. Esther Hagart—beautiful, sensitive, refined, and uneducated—lives on Mundoolan Island, protected from the violence of a dipsomaniac convict father, once a gentleman, by Joe Bride, a rough sailor. Joe is a reflective man, who wonders "whether the Almighty took drink into consideration" when he ordered wives to cleave to their husbands so long as they both should live. He tells a ghost story of admirable novelty, and we are sorry to lose sight of him in the first volume. A Ferdinand for the Miranda of the island is found in Captain Brand, a handsome, shallow youth, whose mixture of fleeting enthusiasm with deep-rooted selfishness is well conceived and maintained. He visits Mundoolan Island with Mr. Lydiard, a speculative positivist, who, having wrecked his individual happiness, devotes himself to humanity at large, and contemplates founding a colony of unorthodox and unsuccessful men. That destiny should have led Lydiard to the very spot at the Antipodes where his faithless wife lies buried and her seducer is hastening to a tragic death is, of course, possible—there is no limiting the coincidences of life; but that Lydiard should thenceforward devote all his affection and most of his fortune to their child is a stretch of generosity almost superhuman. Mr. Overstone, of Bully Wallah, the only settler on the island, with his hatred of men who "come to free select," his belief in salt as the universal panacea, and his quaint characteristic talk, is a more original portrait than is often found in a modern novel. The prairie fire and storm which bring to a climax of passionate avowal the nascent love of Esther and Captain Brand are realistic in their vivid colouring. But when, Hagart having killed himself in a fit of *delirium tremens* on Mrs. Lydiard's grave, Esther is found to be a niece of Sir Emilius Isherwood, and summoned to England by her

rich relations, the "middle period" of the book lags perceptibly. The weakly, kind-hearted little baronet (with his passion for *bric-à-brac*) and the brainless, faded beauty, Lady Isherwood (who "utters incisive platitudes with the tactless freedom of a spoilt child"), are cleverly drawn. But the social distresses of an *ingénue* are hackneyed, and Esther's blunders have not the delicious colonial quaintness of Gerty's in *The Hillyars and the Burtons*. Esther's school life, and the friendship with the Talmadges to which it leads, are tediously detailed. Theodosia Talmadge, one of those decayed gentlewomen who have become perennial since Mrs. Gaskell photographed their varieties in *Cranford*, is quite vulgar, with her eternal reminiscences of "Beau Talmadge" and "my dear friend and connexion Lady Susan Starkie." Had the strong points of *An Australian Heroine* been condensed into two volumes it would have merited unqualified praise, for the interest revives with Esther's marriage and the struggles through which, after finding herself "cursed with a granted prayer," she recovers self-respect and peace of mind.

In the Introduction to *Loyal and Lawless*, Mr. Burke, after expanding an old joke with which *Punch* amused us in 1861, has anticipated criticism by making a "candid friend" remark: "People who might care for your politics won't read your novel, and people who might read your novel will be deterred by your politics." We may assure the former class of objectors that there is very little story indeed to interfere with their enjoyment of some vigorous political dissertations and shrewd sketches of "patriots" at home and abroad. The author's conclusions as to the vexed question of Irish discontent and absenteeism may be summarised thus:—Ireland is completely in the wrong, but England has made her so. India is loyal because England has uniformly been to her severe but just; Ireland is lawless because England has treated her alternately with irritating restrictions and unwise concessions. Still, we can hardly suppose that Mr. Burke seriously recommends us to blow our Irish cousins from a cannon's mouth whenever "the green" becomes abnormally demonstrative.

Mary Browne: an Autobiography, is apparently the first work of a very young writer. The ways and tempers of mistresses and pupils at Victoria College, probably studies from nature, are very well described. The incidents of later life, where imagination has been relied on, are both absurd and inartistic. There is a modern pair of brothers Antipholus, whose mistaken identity leads to nothing; there is a long-lost brother, who returns in disguise, and holds Mary over the brink of "a stream," while he compels her to take an oath too terrible to be repeated not to betray a secret which she has not found out—though it is patent to the reader from the hour when Louis sings the songs of his infancy in the *salon* of his betrothed. There is a high-souled woman, Mary's bosom friend, who, after being raved at by the latter for "robbing her of the affections" of Mr. Harrop (both of them knowing perfectly well that he has never thought of Mary), runs

away from him on their wedding morning with Mary's disguised brother, by that time himself the deserted husband of Mr. Harrop's niece; and reappears as an angel of purity—with a dead baby in her arms—at the end of the third volume, to die, after a recital of her woes covering five-and-twenty pages. It is a pity to see Miss Wilton's unquestionable talent employed in elaborating incidents which would be revolting but that their extravagance provokes amusement. As a first work, *Mary Browne* has abundant promise. Miss Wilton draws such real school-girls now that some day she will certainly put before us less impossible men and women.

Three Shots from a Popgun are three stories whose harmless inanity is well conveyed by their title. They are perfectly inoffensive, but for an exasperating struggle to be smart which has made all the characters in "Wise or Otherwise" and "Home Again" talk in such "quips and quirks" as we are only accustomed to hear from the lips of Mr. Merriman. The third tale, "The Tug of War," is free from these blemishes, and up to the average of magazine stories.

TOWNSHEND MAYER.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

My Wanderings in Persia. By T. S. Anderson. With Illustrations and Map. (James Blackwood and Co.) This is a genuine and interesting book by an utterly unpractised writer. Mr. Anderson is no hurried tourist; he has no particular views to urge upon the Perso-Afghan or any other Eastern question. He was an *employé* of the Indo-Persian Telegraph Department, which is a Government concern as far north as Teheran, to which city it passes *via* Kurrachee and the Persian Gulf. The wire is landed about Bushire, and is carried through Shiraz and Ispahan to the Shah's capital. What Mr. Anderson is as a writer may be seen in a single sentence. Referring, on his outward journey, to the streets of Malta, he says: "Next would be seen some half-dozen nuns, whose monotonous tread speaks ill of the highly religious training they are supposed to be endowed with." After that sample, one need say no more of Mr. Anderson's literary and descriptive powers. Of the Persians, Mr. Anderson says "they are totally unacquainted with honesty, truthfulness, and other similar virtues;" "from the King to the lowest fakir there is scarcely a man worthy of trust." Such indiscriminate judgments, made with no reference to the atrocious circumstances of tyranny in which the people dwell, are to be placed among the disfigurements of this volume which the reader will do well to disregard. But take out all Mr. Anderson's political and moral reflections, and all his attempts, which are but few, at fine writing, and the residue, which we are happy to say will form the great bulk of the work, is well worth reading as a truthful, simple account of life and wanderings in Persia. The Shah's dominions are, for the most part, arid desert, dotted with oases, which produce the finest fruits; the outside edge of Persia is low ground, with tropical climate; the centre a high plateau, often snow-covered throughout two or three months of the year. Mr. Anderson refers to his reception of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Arnold, "during these terrible months of frost and snow," at his station in Central Persia—a time "when it is astonishing by what means the wretched inhabitants" of Persian villages find sustenance. "Their food is chiefly made from acorns and dried dates, a little goat's milk, and sometimes rice. The bread is of a most miserable, unpalatable kind;

it is extremely bitter, about the thickness of cowhide. From November to March these poor villagers are compelled to live as best they can. They remain shut up in a room, perhaps two yards square, frequently without fire; and in every village a great number annually succumb, and die of starvation in their own homes. . . . In most cases the goats, cows, and fowls are sheltered beneath the same roof as the family. I have turned away from such sights with unutterable loathing—because of the abhorrent stench."

That is the normal condition in winter of the majority of the Persian people, described by one who has passed months in Persia without seeing the face of a European. Mr. Anderson touches upon Baron Reuter's relations with Persia, and appears strongly anti-Russian in his views. He says:—

"It is publicly acknowledged in Persia and Russia that the contract made between the Shah and Baron Reuter would have been carried out had it not been for the intriguing of Russian diplomacy. The King was advised to abandon the idea as costly and worthless; that the railway, when completed, would be of no practical utility. The project was given up at Baron Reuter's expense, who had despatched an entire working staff and material; in fact, all had been prepared for the commencement of the permanent way, when the result of Russia's secret scheming threw all aside. The debt of such costly and foolish experiments has not yet been paid; his Majesty the Shah is still a debtor of a good round sum to Baron Reuter."

We fancy this is not quite correct, and that the railway proposal referred to was for a line between Teheran and the Caspian Sea, which would certainly have been of the greatest possible advantage to Russian commerce and to Russian military plans. Surely it is true that Baron Reuter's project would have benefited Russia at the expense of England with regard to influence in Persia; surely it was rather simple-minded in a British capitalist to suppose that the English Government would aid, and that Englishmen would give their money to assist in, the construction of a railroad connecting the Russian steam-boat service of the Caspian with the Persian capital. If Baron Reuter had from the first concentrated his operation upon that most reasonable project, the opening and improvement of the navigation of the Karun, the only navigable river in Persia, and in the construction of the best form of road from Shuster, on the Karun, to Ispahan, he might have been more successful.

The Dead Hand: Addresses on the Subject of Endowments and Settlements of Property. By Sir Arthur Hobhouse, Q.C., K.C.S.I. (Chatto and Windus.) This is an able work, or rather a collection of able works, by an able man. It is a useful work, but it would have been more interesting had the learned author recast, and not simply reprinted, addresses delivered during the last eleven years. But Sir Arthur Hobhouse is a reformer who is much more than eleven years in advance of legislation, and none of his recommendations have been made obsolete by recent enactments. His address on "Charitable Foundations in England" is full of valuable suggestion, and will remove a good deal of misapprehension from the minds of those to whom the word charity is indicative of nothing but virtue, self-denial, and beneficence. Naturally, Mr. Gladstone is one of Sir Arthur's favourite witnesses. Mr. Gladstone said in 1863:—

"I believe there is no city in the country which is richer in these charities than Coventry. Well, was there ever a case of a city where, upon the first arrival of distress, the labouring class were so rapidly and so entirely laid prostrate? Compare the case of Coventry, where these charities abound, with the case of the towns of Lancashire, in most of which they are comparatively few. Distress appears in Coventry and, before it has been there a month, the whole country is solicited, and solicited

with too good cause, to subscribe for its relief. Distress stalks into Lancashire, and remains there for six, nine, or twelve months before any appeal whatever is made to the public at large."

The main value of Sir Arthur's work is that it abounds with authentic examples and with learned comment. Sir Arthur imputes that too great respect is shown to the authority accorded to founders of endowments; and, among others, cites the case of Thomas Seckford, who, in 1587, gave some land in Clerkenwell to found an almshouse at Woodbridge, a small town in Suffolk. At the date of the foundation the rent of the land was £112 13s. 4d. The present income is about £3,600. Lately it was found that the almshouse could not possibly dispose of this large sum, and reference was made to the Court of Chancery. Lord Hatherley then decided that the inhabitants of Woodbridge should have preference; and of this decision Sir Arthur says:—

"Practically, it is altogether in favour of the Woodbridge people; they get the whole; and I have the opinion of a gentleman with the best means of judging that the place, which has less than five thousand inhabitants, is thereby extensively demoralised."

Sir Arthur Hobhouse is a most uncompromising reformer of endowments. His postulate is that "property is not the property of the dead, but of the living," and he regards even Mr. J. S. Mill as too respectful to the language of founders of endowments. First among the average motives of founders he places

"the love of Power and certain cognate passions: Ostentation, which is gratified by the perpetuation of one's name and memory; and Vanity, which induces a man to think that he can judge better what society is likely to want than society itself can."

We are inclined to think that the address on the burning question of "The Devolution and Transfer of Land" is, perhaps, the least valuable in the collection. Yet there is no mistaking the thoroughness of the author's sentiments in regard to reform. It is an admirable observation that,

"just as the feudal law required that the freehold should always be filled by one capable of contributing to national defence and performing the duties of a feudal follower, so the spirit of commerce now demands that for its purposes also the fee simple in land shall always be represented and be in possession of persons capable of fulfilling the new duties and offices which the ownership of land in the present state of society entails or involves."

It is when Sir Arthur Hobhouse proceeds to specific recommendations that his dealing with this great matter is found in one respect unsatisfactory. He inveighs through pages against "the law of perpetuity or of settlement," and exposes, in regard to the operation of that law, "the cold and numbing influence of the dead hand." But it is, of course, upon his propositions for dealing with that law that attention must be chiefly fixed. He says:—

"A clear, obvious, natural line is drawn for us between those persons and events which the settlor knows and sees and those which he cannot know and see. Within the latter, natural affection does not extend, and the wisest judgment is constantly baffled by the course of events. I submit, then, that the proper line of perpetuity is that of lives in being at the time when the settlement takes effect."

But then, after referring to marriage settlements, he adds:—"If it is thought desirable to make an exception in favour of expected offspring, it could, as a matter of law, be easily effected, and, as a matter of policy, be managed without any great encroachment on the general principle." It was surely incumbent on Sir Arthur Hobhouse to have explained this vital interference with the general principle. If land may be settled at the time of marriage upon unborn persons, what is the value

of the change he proposes to make, and how is the husband in that marriage to be more than a tenant for life of the land, subject to the marriage settlement? This is of the essence of land tenure reform.

Memoir of Sir Francis H. Goldsmid, Bart., Q.C., M.P. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) Lady Goldsmid was fully justified in thinking that this simple, modest record of her late husband's life would prove interesting, not only to the members of his own communion, but also to many students of the political history of our time. Francis Goldsmid was born in 1808, and died from the effects of an accident at the age of seventy. He and his father, Sir Isaac, were among the foremost advocates of the emancipation of the Jews from the many disabilities, social, political, and municipal, to which they were subjected. He himself was the first of his race who, in England, was admitted to the bar, and one of the first to enter Parliament. He possessed vast wealth, and applied it generously and intelligently to public objects. As a founder of the West London Synagogue he devoted much time and money to the purpose of infusing new life into the traditional Jewish worship. He made great efforts to improve the education of his own people, and was the founder of the first Jewish infant school in London. He also took a constant and munificent interest in larger measures of public education, and especially in University College, of whose Senate he became the president. His exertions on behalf of his brother Israelites in foreign States are well summarised in the chapter contributed by Mr. Löwy; and Prof. Marks has, in a well-written and concise narrative, told the story of his social and political life in England. It may well be doubted whether it was wise or needful to swell the size of the book by the insertion of the sermon preached after his funeral, or of numerous sympathising letters to the widow from persons of more or less distinction. Such utterances have their value at the time to private friends, but they are essentially unfitted to serve as part of permanent history; and the growing habit of publishing such letters in posthumous memoirs is likely to lead to a good deal of well-meant, but somewhat mischievous, insincerity. This small and very pardonable error of judgment appears to be the only drawback to the value of the book as a record of an active, honourable, and eminently useful life.

Memoir of the Life and Work of Philip Pearsall Carpenter. Chiefly derived from his letters. Edited by his brother, Russell Lant Carpenter. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) It is difficult to understand the *raison d'être* of this bulky book. Mr. Philip Carpenter was a Unitarian minister and schoolmaster of blameless life and of amiable character; and it is intelligible that some of his nearest private friends should desire to possess a brief record of his career. The brotherly affection which has produced this book is worthy of all praise. But neither his life nor character possessed any feature of much public interest. As a preacher to small congregations at Stand and at Warrington he was not very successful. His biographer tells us that he did not devote the time which many ministers think requisite to render the Sunday services effective. He had little inclination for pulpit composition. Indeed, he preferred to preach the sermons of others, and in the course of a ministry of five years at one place preached fifty-two of his father's sermons and about a hundred of his brother's. He was much interested in conchology, arranged several collections of shells in the museums at Warrington and at the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, and he himself speaks of his catalogue of shells, and of his report to the British Association on the Mollusca of California, as "two works of great scientific research;" but

the biography affords no information or extracts which will enable a reader to judge of the permanent scientific value of either of them. He was a teetotaller and a vegetarian. He objected to war and to the use of oaths in any form, and declined on principle to prosecute a burglar who had robbed his house. Little or no evidence is given, however, of the effective advocacy of his peculiar views on these points; and, although he was earnestly interested in temperance and sanitary reform, and is said to have exerted great influence in their promotion, there are no selections from his speeches or writings which suffice to explain that influence, or any success he may have met with. The book is filled with extracts from his letters and diaries which have, for the most part, little but a private and sectarian interest, and which are largely filled with personal talk about the members of his own religious communion. Except in a few of the letters from America, which show how his tender and impressionable nature was touched by magnificent scenery, and by the grander forms of Roman Catholic worship, it is rare to find in his writing any trace of descriptive power, or any sentence which is not prosaic and commonplace. The incidents recorded are generally trivial, the style is destitute of humour or literary charm, and the personal experience narrated throws little or no light on the events of the day, on literature or politics, or on any subjects of permanent public interest. His biographer says in the Preface, "Little mention is made of his fellow-labourers in the scientific and other fields, because the book is already longer than I wish." One is fain to enquire why it is so long; and why the important task of showing the relation in which Mr. Carpenter's efforts stood to the larger work of the world has been set aside in favour of so much that is trifling and ephemeral, and only interesting to personal friends. No one can read this book without real admiration and some love for its subject—for his gentleness, piety, and simplicity of character, for his conscientious industry, for his resolute adherence to unfashionable beliefs. But it did not need a volume of 350 pages to convey this impression. "We should be modest," says Charles Lamb, "for a modest man."

ANOTHER biography of a member of the same family—that of *Mary Carpenter*, by her nephew, Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A. (Macmillan)—will be read with interest by a wider circle. It is not wholly free from the same tendency to set forth insignificant details with needless amplification; but it narrates the story of a singularly active and beneficent life which well deserves a permanent place in the annals of philanthropy. Miss Carpenter was born in 1807, and received, chiefly from an erudite father, a much more scholarly education than usually falls to the lot of girls. She early interested herself in teaching, in religious and other movements for the social improvement of those around her, and especially in the Anti-Slavery question. As life went on she studied with special care the subject of prison discipline, the reformation of juvenile criminals, and the promotion of education, at first among the lowest classes of the English poor, and afterwards among the girls and women of India. On all these subjects she wrote with clearness, force, and with a statesmanlike grasp of the meaning of the problems which had to be solved. On all of them her writings and personal efforts did something to arouse and afterwards to shape public opinion and to influence legislation. Mr. Carpenter's narrative is gracefully written, well arranged, and illustrated by copious quotations from letters and diaries. He has had the candour to point out both the light and the shade of a very remarkable character. His book enables the reader to appreciate Miss

Carpenter's clear aims, her steadfast persistency, and the devotion of her life to useful and unselfish objects. But it also reveals that morbid habit of introspection and self-analysis which led her to form an exaggerated estimate of the importance of her own thoughts and doings, and to the last appears to have rendered it difficult for her to co-operate with other people on equal terms. Measured by any merely mechanical standard, the practical outcome of her efforts may appear insignificant. She made strenuous and repeated efforts to induce the Education Department to recognise ragged schools as entitled to a share of the public grant, while conducted by unqualified teachers and fulfilling very low educational conditions. But her views failed to win the sympathy of statesmen on either side of the House; and the subsequent experience of school boards has proved that to perpetuate an inferior class of schools for the instruction of the lower stratum of children would have been a grave mistake. Her visits to India, though useful in directing the attention of the public and of official people to the low state of education among women, do not appear to have resulted in the permanent establishment of any institution or plan. And the one measure which is regarded by the author of this book as the crowning achievement of her life—the introduction, at her instance, by Lord Sandon, into his Act of 1876 of a special clause permitting the establishment of "day feeding schools" is well known to have proved almost a dead letter. The real value of her biography is not, therefore, to be found in any visible result of her exertions, but rather in the picture it presents of a woman of great intellectual energy and high purpose whose life was consecrated to noble uses, and completely filled with schemes, speculations, and efforts for the public welfare.

Fighting and Farming in South Africa. By Fred. G. Browning. (Remington.) Mr. Browning, when barely twenty, was tempted to seek his fortune at the Cape by the following advertisement: "If you've got any money put it into ostriches." From ostrich farming he turned to soldiering, then returned to farming, and ended his career in South Africa with more military service against Moirosi. He seems to have been an active and good-natured young fellow, and bears his ill-success without grumbling; but we gather from his account that he left South Africa poorer than when he went there. The most interesting part of the book is that relating to ostrich farming. Our author tried his hand at it on a farm near the Groote River, about 150 miles from Port Elizabeth. He was unlucky in coming in for a year of drought which is supposed to have been fatal to 20,000 ostriches, and which prevented his making anything by his birds; but when circumstances are favourable he considers ostrich farming a lucrative concern. He himself saw £1,000 refused for a pair of breeding birds; and the chickens at six days old are worth from £3 to £5 a-piece. Mr. Browning's account of his farming between his two military services gives a very good example of the difficulties with which settlers have to contend. Of the crops first sown, oats alone survived; these grew to a height of near eight feet, and the straw was as thick as a man's little finger, but there was hardly any ear. The crops which had failed were replaced by mealies, pumpkins, water and sweet melons. These all came up well; but, alas! the melons and pumpkins succumbed to a hot, scorching, north wind, and the mealies were destroyed by an inroad of Kaffir cattle. It will be seen that Mr. Browning was not fortunate, and the conclusion he came to was this:—

"It appeared to me that to make money in South Africa you must put yourself on a level wit

persons whose ways and habits you can only condemn; you must not be particular how you make money; you must fling away a good many scruples and prejudices; and, above all, you must not forget that those with whom you have to deal have flung them away also."

More's Utopia. Robinson's Translation. Edited by J. R. Lumby. (Cambridge: Pitt Press.) This edition of the *Utopia* has many features which will make it more valuable to students than Mr. Arber's bare reprint, though it must not be forgotten that it was that reprint which first directed public attention to More's masterpiece. Dr. Lumby has prefixed Roper's Life of More, and has added a short Introduction and excellent explanatory notes. He has also given what he is well qualified to give—a short survey of the characteristics of Robinson's English. Altogether, the book is—except for its binding of silky cloth, from which the touch revolts—all that can be desired by those who are "getting up" the *Utopia* for an examination or any such purpose. There is still room, however, for a scholar's edition of this great book, showing in detail its relation to the other works of the Renaissance in England and in Europe. More's own reading and the influence of Erasmus on him have never been thoroughly explored. Has it ever, for example, been noticed that his first public appearance was when

"to his great commendation he read for a good space a publick lecture of St. Augustine *de Civitate Dei* in the church of St. Laurence in the Ould Jurye, whereunto there resorted Doctor Grosyn, an excellent cunning man, and all the chief learned of the citty of London" (Roper)?

That was nearly twenty years before the *Utopia* was written; and during all that time, we may fancy, the Utopian form of philosophising must have slumbered in his mind.

Cradle Land of Arts and Creeds, by Charles J. Stone, Barrister-at-Law (Sampson Low and Co.), is a bold attempt to disprove the view now generally entertained that the Aryans separated on the high lands of Asia and proceeded some to Persia and others down into India. The writer maintains that the Ganges Valley was the original seat of the Aryans and, at the same time, the cradle land of all Western arts and creeds. The author, notwithstanding his very wide and varied reading, seems to be in complete ignorance of the method and of the simplest rules of that criticism by which alone such questions can be solved. Uncritical works, though without any scientific value, are sometimes amusing, and occasionally point out some fact or give the authorities for some coincidence of which better trained minds can make some use. The present book is as dull as it is long, and we have failed to discover any grains of wheat in its endless rambling pages. No authorities are given, and there is no index.

NOTES AND NEWS.

PROF. SAYCE is preparing a thoroughly revised edition of George Smith's *Chaldean Genesis* for Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. The translations as well as the text will be corrected and enlarged, and full use will be made of the tablets recently acquired by the British Museum which relate to the earlier chapters of Genesis.

THE *Journal of Education* has been adopted as the organ of the Education Society, and is now published by Messrs. John Walker and Co., 96 Farrington Street. To the current number Dr. J. F. Payne has contributed an article on the "The Connexion of Physiology and Education," and the Rev. W. A. Fearn, of Winchester, one on "The Monitorial System."

Mervyn O'Connor, by the Earl of Desart, will shortly be issued by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett in three volumes,

THE seventh volume of the late Mr. Lane's *Arabic Lexicon* will shortly be ready for publication under the editorship of Mr. Stanley Lane Poole.

AN unknown MS. of Saint-Simon has just been discovered in the archives of the French Ministry for Foreign Affairs. It is entitled *Henri IV., Louis XIII., et Louis XIV.*, and contains details and criticisms of great historical interest.

WE have received from America a new poem on the Life of Buddha, by E. D. Root, who boldly calls himself an American Buddhist. The poem is called *Saky Buddha: a Versified, Annotated Narrative of his Life and Teachings* (New York). The author tells us that his poem was nearly finished when he received Edwin Arnold's *The Light of Asia; or, the Great Renunciation*. Being himself a working-man, and not a scholar, he speaks with great modesty of his own poem, as compared with Mr. Arnold's. But his veneration for the great founder of the Buddhist faith, he says, would not allow him to suppress his tribute of gratitude to the memory of Buddha Saky Muni.

MESSRS. BICKERS AND SON will publish shortly *Samuel Pepys and the World he lived in*, by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A.

M. DE SAULCY is about to publish a *History of the Maccabees*, a sequel to his *History of Herod*.

THE following works are in the press, and will be issued during May by Messrs. Wm. H. Allen and Co.:—*Twenty-one Days in India: being the Tour of Sir Ali Baba, K.C.B.*, by George Aberigh-Mackay; *Destruction of Life by Snakes, Hydrophobia, &c., in Western India*, by an Ex-Commissioner; *The Conjurer's Daughter: a Tale*, by J. W. Sherer, C.S.I., author of *Who is Mary?*; *Indian Industries*, by A. G. F. Eliot James; *Indian Reminiscences*, by Col. F. D. White; *A Pleasure Trip to India during the Visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and afterwards to Ceylon*, by M. E. Corbet, illustrated with photographs; *The Garden of India; or, Chapters on Oudh History and Affairs*, by H. C. Irwin, Bengal Civil Service; and *The Challenge of Barletta*, by Massimo d'Azeglio, rendered into English by Lady Louisa Magenis.

THE *Revue Critique* mentions among recent Spanish publications *Inscripciones árabes de Córdoba, precedidas de un Estudio histórico-critico de la Mezquita-Aljama*, by José Amador de los Ríos y Villalba; *Vida y Escritos de D. Fr. Bartolomé de las Casas, Obispo de Chiapa*, by A. M. Fabie; vol. vi. of the *Diccionario general de Bibliografía española*; and vol. i. of the *Historia de los Heterodoxos españoles*, by Marcelino Menéndez Pelayo.

UNDER the general title of *Ancient Philosophies for Modern Readers*, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge is bringing out a series of small monographs on the chief systems of ancient philosophy. The following volumes are in preparation, and will shortly appear:—*Stoicism*, by the Rev. W. W. Capes, M.A., Reader of Ancient History in the University of Oxford; *Platonism*, by R. L. Nettleship, Esq., M.A., Balliol College, Oxford; *Epicureanism*, by W. Wallace, Esq., M.A. (author of the article "Epicurus" in the new edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*); and *Aristotelianism*, by the Rev. J. Gregory Smith, M.A., Rector of Great Malvern. The subjects will be treated in their bearing upon modern speculation.

THE *Novoye Vremya* published in a recent number Russian translations of Mr. D. C. Boulger's biographical sketches of Abdul Rahman Khan, who is at present the actual ruler of Afghan Turkestan, and of Noor Verdi Khan, the Akhal chief, taken from his *Central Asian Portraits*.

WE understand that Mr. H. B. Baildon, author of several volumes of poems, has in the press a series of essays, which will be published shortly by Messrs. J. and A. Churchill under the title of *The Spirit of Nature*.

THE forthcoming number of the *Revue Historique* will contain "Le Siège et la Prise de Constantinople par les Turcs, d'après des Documents originaux," by Henri Vast; "La Diplomatie française en Espagne de 1792 à 1796; 3^{me} Partie—Le Traité de Bâle du 4 Thermidor An III. entre la France et l'Espagne," by Albert Sorel; "Une Réhabilitation de César Borgia," by Alfred Maury; "Documents inédits relatifs au Premier-Empire, à Napoléon et le Roi Louis; 4^{me} Partie—de 1810 à 1846," by Baron du Casse; &c.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH AND FARRAN will publish immediately a new book by Ascott R. Hope entitled *Seven Stories about Old Folks and Young Ones*. A common idea runs through them all—viz., that of exhibiting young people and old people in some natural relations, with the purpose of showing that they often fail to understand each other from want of sympathy, and that in the case of both it is as true as ever that more evil is wrought by want of thought than by want of heart.

AMONG those who have given in their adhesion to the spelling reform movement in the United States are the following:—President Chamberlain, of Bowdoin; President Chadbourne, of Williams; Profs. Child and Goodwin, of Harvard; Whitney, of Yale; Harkness, of Brown; North, of Hamilton; and professors in Dartmouth, Cornell, the University of Pennsylvania, the University of Michigan, Princeton, Johns Hopkins University, the University of New York, and many other leading colleges.

THE ninth annual Report of the Historisch-antiquarische Gesellschaft Graubündens has just been published. The antiquarian collection of the society has been substantially increased during the year; and eight lectures on subjects connected with Rhaetian history, biography, and archaeology have been delivered by the members. Only one of these is printed as an Appendix to the Report, a documentary study of the second "Müsser Krieg in 1531," by the cantonal archivarius, Herr Christ. Kind. The titles of some of the unprinted lectures, and the names of their authors, raise a wish that the funds of the society would enable it to publish them. We may mention, among others, a lecture by Herr Kind on the treaty between Spain and the Republic of the Three Leagues in 1620; Dr. P. C. Planta's lecture on the "Leibeigenen in Cur-Raetien" and the different stages of "Unfreiheit" in the Middle Ages; and another by the same author on the *Quarta Falcidia* and the "Freiheitsverjährung" of the Leibeigenen (by a thirty years' use of freedom) in the *Lex Romana Curiensis*. The author traced the operation of this custom until the end of the twelfth century. Herr Kind lectured on Graf Hartmann II., of Werdenberg-Sargans, Bishop of Chur, and the beginnings of the Rhaetian league. Prof. Muoth elucidated the "Process of Germanisation in Cur-Raetien."

WE understand that the fifth edition of Mr. Barnett Smith's *Life of Mr. Gladstone* is now in the press, and that the third and fourth large editions were entirely exhausted in less than three weeks.

THE Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has in the press two more volumes belonging to the series of "Natural History Rambles," viz.:—*In Search of Minerals*, by Prof. Ansted, F.R.S., and *Ponds and Ditches*, by M. C. Cooke, Esq., LL.D.

A BOHEMIAN translation of Dante's *Purgatorio* is in the press at Prague, the first part of

the *Divina Commedia* having been published last year. The metre and versification of the original have been carefully preserved. The translator is Jaroslav Verchlicky, one of the most prominent living poets of Bohemia, who, beside his valuable original works, has enriched Bohemian literature with a translation of Victor Hugo's poems and those of Giacomo Leopardi.

The Tales of Shoshana is the title of a volume containing three poetical pieces written in Bohemian prose by Julius Zeyer. The first, "The Death of Eve," is a Biblical dream, as the author himself calls it; the second, "King Menhanra," is taken from old Egyptian life; and the third, "Tilottama," is a beautiful dramatic tale, founded on some verses from the Vedas. The thorough knowledge of a student and the tender sentiment and skill of a poet are the characteristics of these masterpieces of Bohemian literature. The same author has just published a cycle of epic songs, the *Vyszehrad*, this being the name of the ancient stronghold to which the Bohemian people are still endeared by the recollections of their semi-mythical heroes, Krok, Libusza, Przemysl, &c. The *Vyszehrad* are intended to be to the Bohemians what the *Idylls of the King* are to ourselves.

LONGFELLOW's *Hiawatha* and *Evangeline* have been translated into Bohemian, and a second edition of the Bohemian translation of Shakespeare's *Othello* and *The Merchant of Venice* has appeared.

MESSRS. DIDIER are about to publish *Etudes et Génitures pour servir à l'Histoire de la Langue française*, by E. Littré.

M. ROTHSCHILD announces for the beginning of May the first part of a new work on *Florence*, by Charles Yriarte, whose *Venice* is as well known to the English as to the French public.

PROF. MEIKLEJOHN writes:—

"In your number of April 24 your reviewer, in a notice of my edition of *The Merchant of Venice*, says:—'There seems more than a chance resemblance between Prof. Meiklejohn's remarks and those of Prof. Dowden in the *Shakspeare Primer*.' As this statement might draw after it a conclusion which would be both erroneous and injurious, I beg to be allowed to state—(1) That the Introduction to this edition of *The Merchant of Venice* is the old Introduction, which appeared in the first edition of 1862. Prof. Dowden's *Primer* was published in 1877, fifteen years after. (2) I am not the author of that Introduction. I am responsible only for the Notes and the Examination Papers."

MAYPOLE SONG.

WHEN ashen buds are big to burst,
And sunshine hotter every day,
And nurses sour and grannams curst
Begin to thaw as well they may;
Then lads and lasses surely know
'Tis time they all a-Maying go.

When in the shade the gentle doves
Are frightened by the bold cuckoo;
When bird and beast each minds its loves,
Nor minds at all what others do;
Then lads and lasses fall to sport,
And round the maypole kiss and court.

When sea-blue eggs are chipping fast,
And nestlings quarrel in their bed,
And Winter's slough is thoroughly cast,
While Autumn still is far a-head;
Then lads and lasses plainly see
That they can never younger be.

E. PURCELL.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

NOT to speak of two or three good articles, the new number of the *New Quarterly* has three contributions of high merit, and thus maintains its excellent position. Dr. Jusserand continues to be interesting as well as learned in his treatise on the roads of England and on way-faring life in the Middle Ages. The paper on "Illusions of Perception," which is very lucid as well as subtle, shows a hand now familiar to readers of the better magazines. And "Fellow Townsmen"—the novelette of the number—is an extremely interesting story, and shows Mr. Hardy's skill in the more mechanical part of his craft, if it lacks the profounder qualities which belong to his genius and are most apparent in the larger novels—in the *Pair of Blue Eyes* and in the *Return of the Native*. We see very little of the heroine of "Fellow Townsmen," and so Mr. Hardy deprives himself of the opportunity which he generally takes—that of compelling us to fall in love with a young woman whom he has graced with the charm of imperfection. Of sentiment and passion, which Mr. Hardy so finely understands and so deeply and subtly renders, there is little here. But there is irony, and more of it than usual—the irony of fate and the conscious irony of the novelist. Of the first, an example is the unhappy ending of the story, which a word spoken pleasantly of the now middle-aged heroine might have changed. Of the second, an instance is in the ardent affection of the worthy solicitor, which cools gradually after the death of its object, and is numbered, with tolerable promptitude, among the loves that do not wear.

THE *Rivista Europea* for April 16 contains a continuation of Signor Silingardi's interesting account of "Ciro Menotti and the Revolution of 1831 in Modena." Signor Emiliani gives a pleasant account of life in Sardinia on the Gulf of Palmas. An article on "The Formation of Character" is a curious example of the moral platitudes with which it still seems necessary to feed the Italian public. A sound national public opinion is still in a rudimentary state of development, and needs careful fostering.

THE *Preussische Jahrbücher* for April has an article which will be read with interest in England by Dr. Kreyenberg on "The Work of the late Grand Duchess Alice of Hesse Darmstadt." The writer gives an account of the philanthropic labours of the late Princess Alice, which were animated by a spirit worthy of all admiration. "We must first become the friends of the poor if we wish to be their benefactors," was her excellent motto. Herr von Bojanowski writes on "Etienne Marcel and the Paris Commune." He draws a parallel between the events of Etienne Marcel's movement and the proceedings of the Commune in 1870. He remarks with truth that the existence of the idea of an independent municipal organisation for the State is peculiar to France, and is connected with the French conception of the State as a unity embracing the community, not as an organisation of parts which have a completeness of their own.

THE *Alt-Preussische Monatsschrift* has two articles dealing with two of the Grand Masters of the Teutonic order—Konrad of Wallenrod, 1391-93, and Heinrich von Plauen, 1410-13. Dr. Leon von Poblocki begins a valuable series of contributions towards a criticism of the sources of early Lithuanian history.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN JOPE ROGERS died at his seat of Penrose, near Helston, on April 25. He was the eldest son of the Rev. John Rogers, a canon of the cathedral church of Exeter, and a scholar of considerable reputation for his

translations from the Hebrew. Mr. J. J. Rogers was born in 1816, at the rectory house of Mawnan, a family living then held by his father. He took his degree of B.A. at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1838. For a few years, from 1859 to 1865, he represented in Parliament the borough of Helston, near which the family property is situate; but the duties of the position were not congenial to his tastes and habits, and he did not solicit the honour of sitting in Parliament a second time. During the last twenty-five years Mr. Rogers has contributed numerous papers on architectural and historical subjects to the *Archaeological Journal* and the *Journal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall*. They included a biography of John Treviss, one of the earliest writers in English, and an extensive pedigree of the family of Carminow. Mr. Rogers held for several years the posts of honorary secretary and treasurer to the Arundel Society. Two painters, eminent in the history of English art (both of them born in the county of Cornwall), have formed the subjects of valuable biographical notices by Mr. Rogers. His sketch of Opie, with a catalogue of seven hundred and sixty pictures painted by him, was published by Mr. Colnaghi in 1878; his *Memoir of Bone* was referred to in these columns only last week. The family of Rogers was for many generations intimately connected with that of Godolphin, and the papers at Penrose contained much curious information relating to the reigns of the Stuarts and the Georges. They are described in the second and fourth Reports of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN FOLK-LORE JOURNAL.* A "FOLK-LORE JOURNAL," edited by the working committee of the South African Folk-lore Society, has now been in existence a year. Conducted under great difficulties, it deserves the sympathy and the approval of all who care for the preservation of the traditions and the recording of the customs of those wild tribes with which it deals; all who wish to secure, ere it be too late, something at least approaching to "a representative collection of the traditional literatures existing among the South African aboriginal races, but allowed to be rapidly passing away under the influence of European ideas and the spread of European civilisation." South African folk-lore is, as the Preface to the Journal says, "plain and primitive in its simplicity," but it is "descriptive in great measure of the events of every-day life," and it often affords interesting comparisons with the similar products of more cultured minds. To all students of savage life may be commended, for instance, the very interesting essay by the Rev. G. Viehe, occupying the whole of the third part, on "Some Customs of the Ovaherero, or Damaras," "the first of the black races we meet after passing through the yellow races which lie scattered over that wide tract of country which extends for two hundred miles north of the Orange River." Their ideas about ghosts are worthy of notice. Some of their dead, they believe, rise again. Such ghosts have their eyes on the back of the head, and their skin is the hairy hide in which their corpses have been wrapped. Ghosts of persons who have not been buried in the ground are of the usual stature of human beings, but those of buried people are "about the size of a little dog." Some of the tales contributed by Bishops Callaway and Steere and other collectors are very remarkable. The story of "Little Red Stomach" is a quaint addition to the great cycle of myths descriptive of apparent destruction but ultimate restoration. The youth in question, refusing to listen to his mother's warning against drink-

* *Folk-Lore Journal*. Vol. I. (Cape Town: Darter Brothers and Walton; London: Nutt.)

ing out of a certain pool, was swallowed by a beast which haunted that pool. "On account of the weight of his stomach," the beast then remained above water. About sunset that animal said, "I have a stomach-ache," and died. And Little Red Stomach cut his way out of its inside, as Thumbling did under similar circumstances, and returned home unhurt. The story (p. 75) of the murdered wife whose *Isala* fell from her head while her husband was killing her, then turned into bird, and, by its oft-repeated song, revealed the crime, is singularly like several tales, known in most European lands, turning on similar disclosures of murders. The *Isala*, it seems, is "a bunch made of feather or other material, worn on the head by a person who is passing through the preliminary stage of becoming a diviner." The "Story of a Dam" is a curious beast-fable, with a new feature in the capture of the selfish and greedy jackal by a tortoise, over whose shell has been spread a thick coating of "bee-glue." The opening, in which the jackal refuses to assist in making a reservoir, closely resembles the tales told in many countries about the similar refusal of the woodpecker. Among the best of the tales are two contained in the fifth part. One of these, told by a native of the Batlaping tribe to Mr. S. H. Edwards, is an interesting savage variant of the world-wide moral tale of the good-natured girl who behaves kindly to an old woman and is rewarded, and her ill-natured relative who acts quite differently and is consequently punished. A new feature in the African story is that the old woman in question "had only one arm and one leg," having been "half eaten up by Dimo," a species of ogre. The other tale, Umbakamaqua, "The Bewitched King," literally, "The Umamba [a kind of snake] of Maqua," is a most valuable variant of the mythological story which we know so well under the forms of "Cupid and Psyche," "Beauty and the Beast," "The Frog Prince," and countless other versions of the ancient legend of how mortal wife broke the spell which had transformed her supernatural husband, or had separated him from her. In this Zulu variant the husband has been turned into a snake, his relations having employed witchcraft for the purpose. The wife breaks the spell by burning him in his hut, and then applying medical herbs to his bones. The story is one of six which were collected in Zululand by a Norwegian missionary, the Rev. O. Stavem, chiefly taken down from the lips of a native who had been a diviner before "he learned to understand the folly of the 'smelling.'"

Full of interest, though of a different kind, is the "Story of the 'Sandhlwana' Tragedy," contributed by Mr. W. G. Stanford, and called "News from Zululand." It was narrated by a native policeman belonging to the Zizi clan of Fingoes, who heard it told by Zulus. "At one of the camps of the white people in Zululand," it begins, "as the white men were lying comfortably about, there came a decrepit old man, a Zulu." After talking with them he went away, and when he was at a distance he began to dance with the vigour of youth, brandishing his stabbing assegai, "making feints towards the camp, singing the praises of his Chief Cetywayo." In vain did the Englishmen fire at him. "Not a bullet touched him." Presently he entered a forest, whence soon came out a blue-buck, which ran toward the camp. The white people attacked it, some firing, some throwing stones;

"there were others who, at last, threw dishes at it, but no one hit it. In the confusion they suddenly saw that the blue-buck had become a young man, a Zulu, with a shield and stabbing assegai. This young man attacked them with his assegai, and stabbed them. While he was killing them, they not being able to do anything to him,

Cetywayo's army came in sight. The white people did not know it; but this army was close by. The white people begin to be on the alert; the army is amongst them, it killed them all! Not one escaped!"

Of most of the stories the original texts are given as well as liberal English translations. They are, therefore, of great philological as well as mythological interest. And they all have an evidently trustworthy appearance which makes them contrast very favourably with the decidedly suspicious tales we often see quoted from a purely literary magazine, or from such records of travel as do not inspire implicit confidence. By way of conclusion, a few of the Setshuana proverbs contributed by Mr. S. H. Edwards may be mentioned—"The bitter heart eats its owner," "The well-a-head is not to be depended upon," and "The lion which kills is the one which does not roar," are wise saws which need no comment. Our own proverb about "a creaking gate" may be compared with "The first lame is not the first to die," and "The breast is an intricate net" is the general expression of an idea which takes a special and poetic form in the Russian saying that "A maiden's heart is a dark forest." Let us hope that all who care for South Africa will support the truly meritorious South African *Folk-Lore Journal*. W. R. S. RALSTON.

SELECTED BOOKS.

General Literature.

- BOUFFÉ. *Mes Souvenirs (1800-80)*. Paris: Dentu.
CONZE, A. A. HAUSER, u. O. BENNDORF. *Neue archäologische Untersuchungen auf Samothrake*. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 130 M.
DELISLE, L. *Mélanges de Paléographie et de Bibliographie*. Paris: Champion. 15 fr.
FOERSTER, R. *Farnesina-Studien*. Rostock: Stiller. 3 M. 60 Pf.
HAKE, T. Gordon. *Maiden Eastasy*. Chatto & Windus. 8s.
KENNER, F. *Römische Sonnenuhren aus Aquileia*. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 1 M. 60 Pf.
MOTROUD, C. *Traité de Théorie musicale*. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 15 fr.
RIBY (Dr.)'s *Letters from France, &c.*, in 1789. Ed. Lady Eastlake. Longmans. 10s. 6d.
SMITH, Goldwin. *Copper. ("English Men of Letters,")* Macmillan. 2s 6d.
WURZBACH, A. V. *Martin Schongauer. Eine krit. Untersuchung seines Lebens u. seiner Werke*. Wien: Manz. 6 M.

History.

- ACTA historica res gestas Poloniae illustrantia. Vol. III. et IV. Cracow: Friedlein. 24 M.
BABAU, A. *La Ville sous l'ancien Régime*. Paris: Didier. 7 fr. 50 c.
CALONNE, A. de. *La Vie municipale au XV^e Siècle dans le Nord de la France*. Paris: Didier.
FRANCIS DEAK: *Hungarian Statesman*. With Preface by M. E. Grant Duff. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.
LOUQUET, C. *La Noblesse française sous l'ancienne Monarchie*. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
MONUMENTA medii aevi historica res gestas Poloniae illustrantia. T. V. Cracow: Friedlein. 16 M.
NEWALD, J. *Nicolaus Graf zu Salm. Eine histor. Studie*. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 8 M.
THOMAS, A. *Les Etats provinciaux de la France centrale sous Charles VII*. T. 2. Paris: Champion.
URKUNDENBUCH, Fürstenbergisches. 3. u. 4. Bd. Tübingen: Leupp. 12 M.
WADDINGTON, J. *Congregational History*. Vol. V. Longmans. 15s.
WALPOLE, Spencer. *History of England from the Conclusion of the Great War in 1815*. Vol. III. 1832-41. Longmans. 18s.

Physical Science and Philosophy.

- CHATIN, J. *Les Organes des Sens dans la Série animale*. Paris: J. B. Baillière.
GIRDWYN, M. *Pathologie des Poissons*. Paris: Rothschild. 20 fr.
GOSS, H. *The Geological Antiquity of Insects*. Van Voorst. 1s. 6d.
MUENZ, B. *Die Keime der Erkenntnistheorie in der vorsoziatistischen Periode der griechischen Philosophie*. Wien: Konogen. 1 M. 20 Pf.
PELSZLN, A. v. *Bericht üb. die Leistungen in der Naturgeschichte der Vögel während d. J. 1878*. Berlin: Nicolai. 8 M.
PRAZINOWSKI, A. *Untersuchungen üb. die Entwicklungsgeschichte u. Fermentwirkung einiger Bakterien-arten*. Leipzig: Voigt. 2 M.
RAUBER, A. *Formbildung u. Formstörung in der Entwicklung v. Wirbeltieren*. Leipzig: Engelmann. 6 M.
ROSENTHAL, L. A. *Die monistische Philosophie*. Berlin: Duncker. 3 M.

Philology.

- HARLEZ, C. de. *Manuel du Pehlevi des Livres religieux et historiques de la Perse*. Paris: Maisonneuve. 10 fr.

MORIUS, Th. *Verszeichniss der auf dem Gebiete der altnordischen (altisländischen u. altnorwegischen) Sprache u. Literatur von 1855 bis 1870 erschienenen Schriften*. Leipzig: Engelmann. 3 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

REVISED ZIRIAN VERSION OF THE GOSPEL OF ST. MATTHEW.

London: April 24, 1880.

The Zirian version of the Gospel of St. Matthew made by a priest named Shergin, and published by the Russian Bible Society rather more than half-a-century ago, was revised, at my request, by Mr. F. J. Wiedemann, and published by me in London in 1864. The revision of Shergin's version made by G. S. Luitkin at the request of the Bible Society, mentioned at p. 304 of the ACADEMY of last week, not only has not yet been published, but is a posterior revision, quite different from that of Mr. Wiedemann. L.-L. BONAPARTE.

SETTING UP THE MAYPOLE.

London: April 23, 1880.

That Maypole poem that I had not seen printed, and that I sent you some stanzas of for your number of April 10, greets me to-day in the Museum as part of "Funebris Flora," | the Downfall of May-Games: | wherein | Is set forth the rudeness, prophaneness, | stealing, drinking, fighting, dancing, whoring, | misrule, mis-spence of precious time, contempt of | God, and godly Magistrats, Ministers and People, which | oppose the Rascality and rout, in this | their open | prophaneness, and Heathenish Custom. | Occasioned by the general complaint of the rudeness of | people in this kind, in this Interval of Settlement. | Here you have Twenty Arguments against these pro- | phane Sports, and all the Cavills made by the Belialists of the | Time, refelled and Answered. | Together with an Addition of some Verses in the close, | for the delight of the ingenious Reader. | By Tho. Hall, B.D., and Paster of Kings-norton. | London, Printed for Henry Mortlock. . . 1660." The book is A-G in fours, and on the back of G the Maypole poem begins, headed thus: "As a Mantissa, and a little Over-weight, I shall give you a | Copy of Verses, which have lain long by me, they will | give some light and some delight to the inge- | nious and ingenuous Reader." The line "So have I to it watch and ward" got wrong from the MS. copiers making yt "it," instead of "that;" the printed copy reads:—

"Hath holy Pope his noble guard?
So have I too, that watch and ward."

F. J. FURNIVALL.

RESEN AND BETH-EL IN THE ASSYRIAN INSCRIPTIONS.

Queen's College, Oxford: April 26, 1880.

Two results I have recently obtained in the field of Assyrian research, though small in themselves, will probably have some interest for Biblical students. One is the identification of the city of Resen, mentioned in Gen. x. 12 as situated between Nineveh (Kouyunjik) and Calah (Nimrud). The name has been looked for in vain in the Assyrian inscriptions, though, as Sir H. Rawlinson long ago pointed out, it is probably the Larissa of Xenophon's *Anabasis* (iii. 4), six parasangs distant from Mespila. Larissa seems to be the Assyrian Al Resen or "City of Resen" while Mespila is *Musipili*, "the low ground," a name which shows that its site lay near the river. Both cities, according to Xenophon, had been occupied by the Medes after the fall of Nineveh. Now, in the Bavian inscription (l. 9), Sennacherib states that one of the sixteen cities from which he brought water to the Khor, the river of Nineveh, was

the city of Resen. This corresponds with the Biblical Resen, letter for letter, the Assyrian *W* having come to be represented by the Hebrew *D* in proper names. The meaning of the name is simply "the head" or "source of the spring," Assyrian *res eni*, Hebrew *רֵישׁ מֵעָנָה*.

My other little discovery relates to a passage, unfortunately mutilated, in the eleventh tablet of the Gisdhubar legends, col. vi. l. 1-4. It was misunderstood by George Smith, who therefore did not perceive the reference. The translation of the passage ought to be as follows:—

Col. v. 52. (Gisdhubar) bound together the heavy stones . . .

Col. vi. 1. (he and Nis-Hea the pilot of Xisuthrus) dragged it and to . . .

2. he, even Gisdhubar, took the animal . . .

3. he cut the heavy stones . . .

4. one homer he poured out in libation to it for his ship.

Here we have an allusion to the ancient Semitic practice of setting up a Beth-el, or Baetylus, in the shape of a large stone, and pouring out a libation to it. First of all a cairn was erected, then an animal was sacrificed, and finally the offering was made to the great stone or Beth-el itself.

In the same series of tablets (tablet x., col. iii. l. 11-17) there occurs a reference to another ancient custom which was also misunderstood by Mr. Smith. The Assyrian reads:—

11. (Nis-Hea says:) Take, Gisdhubar, an axe in thy hands . . .

12. go down to the forest and (make) a clearing of 5 *gar*;

13. bury and make a tumulus; carry . . .

14. Gisdhubar, on his hearing this,

15. took the axe in his hands, . . .

16. he went down to the forest and (made) a clearing of five *gar*;

17. he buried and made a tumulus; he carried . . .

The tumulus is called a *tulu* or *tel*, and it is plain from this statement that burial mounds once existed in Babylon, and may exist there still, if only we knew where to look for them.

A. H. SAYCE.

ON A PASSAGE IN "HAMLET," III. iv. 160.

Cambridge: April 26, 1880.

The new interpretation of the familiar line,

"Assume a virtue if you have it not,"

by which it is made to signify, "acquire a virtue if you do not already possess it," sounds to me suspiciously like a platitude, and appears to miss the whole point of Hamlet's speech. He appeals to his mother, whose conscience is now thoroughly awakened, to refrain from the further indulgence of her guilty passion:

"Good-night; but go not to mine uncle's bed;" and to strengthen her weak will he urges that this abstinence, though not the immediate offspring of a virtuous purpose, will yet grow into a virtuous habit, which by custom will become a second nature, and the virtuous principle will follow. The word "assume," therefore, as it is commonly understood, is completely in accordance with the lines immediately following, in which Hamlet shows the enormous power of custom for good or evil. In one aspect a malignant demon, "damned custom," as he calls it in his opening appeal, it deadens and destroys all moral sensibility. But in this it is an angel,

"That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery
That aptly is put on."

This "frock or livery" is the external practice of virtue which Hamlet implores his mother to "put on," or "assume," that the virtuous act may generate a virtuous habit, and the virtuous

habit be confirmed so as to have the force of virtuous principle. This is very different from teaching hypocrisy in morals.

In no instance, so far as I am aware, does Shakespeare use "assume" in the sense of "acquire," and I even venture to doubt whether this is its "primary and justest sense." His usage completely confirms the common interpretation of the passage in question, according to which "to assume" signifies to put on something external to oneself, a form or shape, not to get or acquire anything as a possession or inward principle. For instance, when Benedick says (*Much Ado*, II. i. 249), "My very visor began to assume life," he does not mean that it became alive, but that it seemed alive. The word, moreover, occurs in three other passages in *Hamlet*, and always in connexion with shape or form (see I. ii. 244; I. iv. 72; II. ii. 629). But the best illustration of what Shakespeare understood by "assume" is furnished by the well-known passage of Bassanio's speech (*Merchant of Venice*, III. ii. 81-88), where the word is twice used.

"There is no vice so simple but *assumes*
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts :
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as
milk ;
And these *assume* but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubtless !"

W. ALDIS WRIGHT.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

- MONDAY, May 3, 5 p.m. Royal Institution : General Monthly Meeting.
8 p.m. Society of Arts : "Decoration and Furniture of Town Houses," V., by R. W. Edis.
8 p.m. British Architects : Annual General Meeting.
8 p.m. Victoria Institute : "The Life of Joseph illustrated from Sources external to Holy Scripture," by the Rev. H. G. Tomkins.
- TUESDAY, May 4, 3 p.m. Royal Institution : "Wind and Weather," by R. H. Scott.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers : Discussion on "The Amster-dam Ship Canal."
8.30 p.m. Zoological.
8.30 p.m. Biblical Archaeology : "Liberation Vase of Osur preserved in the Museum of the Louvre," by Paul Pierret ; "New Text of Tirhakah (Twenty-fifth Dynasty)," by Dr. S. Birch ; "An Examination of the Assyrian Ideograph *Mi*," by Robert Brown, jun.
4.30 p.m. Archaeological Association : Annual Meeting.
- WEDNESDAY, May 5, 5 p.m. Entomological.
7.30 p.m. Education Society : "Education of the Imagination," by Dr. F. Hohlfeld.
8 p.m. Society of Arts : "The last Forty Years of Agricultural Experience," by J. C. Morton.
- THURSDAY, May 6, 3 p.m. Royal Institution : "Light as a Mode of Motion : Theories of Light and Colours," by Prof. Tyndall.
4 p.m. Archaeological Institute.
8 p.m. Linnean : "The extinct Walrus of Suffolk and Antwerp," by Prof. E. Ray Lankester ; "On Algae from the Amazon and its Tributaries," by Prof. G. Dickie ; "On an Unusual Form of the Genus *Hemipholis Agassii* from off the Agulhas Bank," by Prof. P. M. Duncan ; "Irregularity in a Species of *Amblypneustes*," by C. Stewart.
8 p.m. Chemical.
- FRIDAY, May 7, 8 p.m. Society of Arts : "Present Condition and Prospects of Agriculture in South India," by W. Robertson.
8 p.m. Geologists' Association.
8 p.m. Philological : "On a Difficulty in Russian Grammar," by C. B. Cayley ; "On the Middle Voice in Virgil's *Aeneid*, Book VI." and "On Quicherat's Latin Etymologies," by Benj. Dawson.
9 p.m. Royal Institution : "Mental Evolution," by G. J. Romanes.
- SATURDAY, May 8, 3 p.m. Royal Institution : "The Dramatists before Shakespeare," by Prof. H. Morley.
3 p.m. Physical.
3 p.m. Botanic.

SCIENCE.

Mind in the Lower Animals in Health and Disease. By W. Lauder Lindsay, M.D., &c. In 2 vols. (C. Kegan Paul & Co.)

DR. LAUDER LINDSAY had long promised a volume under the above title to the committee of the International Scientific Series, but his materials have far outgrown the

modest limits he originally proposed to himself, and his completed work now occupies two very portly volumes of about six hundred pages each. It is a matter of some regret that he should so greatly have exceeded his first ideas in the matter of space, for, though a short treatise on the subject of animal insanity might have been acceptable and useful to the psychological student, the work as it stands is unnecessarily large, and will deter many intending readers by the mere labour involved in perusing it throughout. Moreover, the mass of undigested fact which it contains is too unwieldy for popular acceptance ; while the same stories or theories are again and again brought up in different connexions, till we long for a more vigorous pruning-hook to lop off a little of the superfluous matter. Nevertheless, Dr. Lauder Lindsay has, on the whole, performed a good work in collecting a considerable body of useful materials, though they must be simply regarded (as the author allows) in the light of *mémoires pour servir*, and not accepted as throwing any fresh light upon the questions of comparative psychology in their synthetic aspect.

The first volume deals with Mind in Health, and has for its main object to prove that mind in the lower animals is the same in kind as in man, though differing more or less in degree. Dr. Lindsay himself takes a very extreme view of the supposed identity, and even hardened evolutionists might hesitate to endorse many of his opinions. Because the human intelligence has been slowly evolved from that of an ape-like ancestor, it does not necessarily follow that the gap between existing human minds and existing animal minds is a comparatively insignificant one. On the contrary, the vastness of this gap, even when we contemplate the cases of the lowest savages and the highest quadrupeds, has not unnaturally driven many good observers, such as Mr. A. R. Wallace, familiar with both savages and monkeys, into somewhat crude hypotheses of supernatural intervention. The interval which seems so small to Dr. Lauder Lindsay seems so great to other competent authorities that they feel compelled to call in the aid of a *deus ex machina* to account for the mental differences between a naked Veddah and a sensible chimpanzee. Even those evolutionists who do not consider a divine intervention necessary for the explanation of the wide interval are yet prepared to allow that it does really exist. It is quite true that the intellect of a Newton or a Darwin differs more vastly from that of an Andamanese, or perhaps of an average coal-heaver, than the intellect of a savage differs from that of any ordinary mammal ; but we have still to face the fact that the savage is far more elevated above all other animals than any of the other animals above its fellows. Palaeolithic man himself, with his shapely flint weapons, his bone needles, his musical implements, his spirited sketches, his obvious intellectuality and aesthetic feeling, is already so highly raised above the mere forest brutes that we cannot regard him as in any sense truly *primaeva*. Rather does he represent the outcome of a long previous culture, the final result of ages of development from the common anthropoid ancestor. To most evolutionists,

the Abbé Bourgeois' fire-split flints from the Miocene *calcaire de Beauce* must seem like happy outlets from a difficult situation. Whether or not they be genuine products of human handicraft, we can hardly doubt that long centuries of previous evolution must have led up to the very human dwellers in the Dordogne caves.

Dr. Lauder Lindsay is troubled with none of these difficulties. "Even as regards *man himself*," he observes, "it must be borne in mind that there are countless thousands—many whole races—that are intellectually and morally the *inferiors* of many well-trained mammals, such as the chimpanzee, orang, dog, elephant, or horse ; or birds, such as the parrot, starling, magpie, jackdaw, and various crows." To sustain this thesis he presses into his service an immense number of stories, well or ill authenticated, of animal intelligence and morality. With regard to some of these we must confess ourselves a little sceptical. To be sure, Dr. Lindsay professes to have exercised great caution in sifting his evidence ; but when we find vague references to *Cassell's Natural History*, the *Fergy Anecdotes*, the *Animal World*, the Hon. G. F. Berkeley, Figuier, Pouchet, and the somewhat imaginative Houzeau, side by side with those to scientific observers like Darwin, Wallace, Bates, Romanes, and Lubbock, we cannot but feel dubious as to his perfect discrimination. Nor can we unhesitatingly accept the stories of the collie dog which shipped itself from Calcutta to Dundee, and then changed to another ship bound for Inverkeithing, its native port ; of the Catholic dog which fast and keep festivals, with their Presbyterian counterparts, given to kirk-going and psalm-singing ; or of the deliberative meetings held by the dogs of Paris during the siege, when "messengers appeared to bring news, and the assembly made comments thereon." In short, Dr. Lindsay rides his hobby to death ; and we fear that one result of his book will be to afford a not unwelcome handle to the scoffers rather than to strengthen the cause for which he pleads.

In the second volume, on Mind in Disease, the author largely supplements the important observations already carried on by Pierquin. He has accumulated a vast mass of varied facts, of which it may indeed be said, as of *Paradise Lost*, that they "prove naughting ;" but which will nevertheless afford good material for future workers. Indeed, if we discard the obviously exaggerated stories, and cut out many of the hyperbolical expressions, we shall find the whole work instructive and suggestive reading. Yet there are innumerable points on almost every page from which a candid critic can hardly fail to dissent. Thus, Dr. Lindsay has an awkward habit of sometimes stating most important conclusions in a numbered string, as though he intended afterwards to bring up facts for their support ; but when we get to the end of his list, we find that he means to put us off with his mere authoritative *ipse dixit*. We should like to know, for example, the grounds for his dogmatic statement that in the human infant "*consciousness* is only gradually developed ;" and we fail to perceive the aptness of the parenthesis in the very next phrase, "There are no *innate ideas* (*Melia*)."

The remark that the Veddas of Ceylon "are quite unable to discriminate between colours" is entirely disproved by experiments expressly made at the request of the present writer. We cannot consider "the labourer of Dorsetshire" at all below the average intellectual level of the English race—or rather, we should put him considerably above it. Testimony to the "non-improvability" of the African negro, given by men like Livingstone, Burton, and Baker, is obviously prejudiced, and is clearly opposed to the evidence in our own West Indies, where the negro, though by no means miraculously transformed into an intelligent and earnest Christian as missionaries would fondly hope, has certainly progressed most steadily ever since and even before emancipation. It is difficult to understand why Dr. Lindsay should sneer at the "worthy people" who believe "that a 'potentiality' for culture and civilisation exists in all races of mankind, however primitive"—a belief surely in strict accordance with the doctrine of evolution—and yet should make the almost grotesque suggestion that "the patient efforts of our missionaries . . . on 'our anthropoid 'poor relations,' instead of on their fellow-creatures and countrymen, the negro, might produce results of a startling character—results that might put an end, once and for all, to current sneers as to the psychical connexion between men and monkeys."

Again, the author often shows much want of discrimination in the choice of possible explanations for stories of animal sagacity. In the case of the migrations of birds, he does not allude at all to Dr. Weissmann's extremely probable and ingenious theory; he classes the massacre of the drones by the worker-bees among "unsolved problems," though Mr. Darwin has made its usefulness perfectly apparent; and he supposes that the travelling dogs which get out at the proper station "probably count the number of previous stoppages," an hypothesis far less likely than Prof. Croom Robertson's suggestion that they are guided by a smell-memory analogous to our sight-memory, which receives great countenance from the full development of the olfactory centres in the dog. Nor does it seem probable that mules take "a pride in the horse as a 'distinguished relative,'" considering that they cannot very seriously be credited with a knowledge of their own parentage; while insects cannot fairly be said to "commit suicide" in the flame to which they are automatically drawn by the connexion between their optic nerves and the motor centres.

Even in small matters, errors or doubtfully correct statements occur at every turn. "Dog cheap" has nothing to do with dogs, but is simply a transposition of the proper phrase, "good cheap." Cannibal is not derived from *canis*, but from the *Carribs*. The latter cannot properly be lumped with "the negroes of the Antilles and the other aboriginal races of the West Indian Islands" under the general heading of "American races;" nor can this heterogeneous mixture be honestly set side by side, in a list of the lowest human beings, with the Andamanese, the Hill Tribes of Bengal, and the Digger Indians.

Dr. Lindsay's style—or absence of style—

can only be described as irritating. Apart from the frequent use of such monsters as "thetuous" and "succussion," we are wearied by constant endless lists, numbered classifications, and minute distinctions between apparently identical mental characteristics. The author observes complacently that, "after a special study of several of the fashionable modern systems of psychology—of mental or moral philosophy—such as those of Herbert Spencer and Professor Bain," he does not think "anything would be gained by attempting, in such a work as the present, the strict definition of terms" like *will*, *feeling*, *thought*, and *consciousness*. For our own part, we cannot help fancying that a competent knowledge of psychology would be useful to a psychological writer; and that a little of the method which Dr. Lindsay despises would have saved him from such muddled, rambling, and incoherent statement. As it is, we can only say that his book displays an immense deal of industry, but a singularly small amount of either philosophical insight or common-sense judgment. GRANT ALLEN.

Un Papyrus inédit de la Bibliothèque de M. Ambroise Firmin-Didot. Nouveaux Fragments d'Euripide et d'autres Poètes grecs, publiés par M. Henri Weil. Deux Planches photoglyptiques. (Paris: Firmin-Didot.)

The above-mentioned papyrus originally belonged to the collection of M. Champollion-Figeac, from which it came into the possession of M. Firmin-Didot. On one side it contains in three columns forty-four *senarii* of Euripides; then in two columns and a third and imperfect one forty-six more *senarii*; on the last column is written an account of certain payments made to the Didymae at the Serapeum of Memphis. The reverse side of the papyrus contains four columns, the first three of which are a second copy of the Euripidean fragment; the fourth consists of two epigrams in elegiac metre.

The date of the papyrus is fixed by the document with which the last column of the front or first side ends. It is a statement of the amount of bread paid for the support of two females, called *Δίδυμαι*, "the Twins," connected with the religious functions of the Serapeum at Memphis, from the eighteenth to the twenty-first year of the reigning King. As the name of one of these *Δίδυμαι*, Taous, is mentioned in the last line of the document, and coincides with a Taous who, with her sister Taues, occurs in other papyri as addressing petitions to Ptolemy Philometor, it seems a natural inference that the *Δίδυμαι* of our papyrus are the Taous and Taues of that reign. The papyrus would thus belong to the year 161 B.C., a date confirmed by other circumstances—e.g., the identity of the years (eighteen to twenty-one) mentioned in the same connexion in the other papyri, and of the name of the *oikovόμος* of the temple as given in our papyrus, Achamanres, with that of the *ἐπιστάτης τοῦ ἱεροῦ*, as given in a papyrus in the Louvre (n. 26), Achomarres. So great an antiquity necessarily gives M. Weil's publication more than ordinary importance.

What would not scholars pay to have unearthed anything of this age in Latin?

Of the two copies in which the fragment of Euripides is preserved, the first (A) is written in tolerably large uncials, without accents, *spiritus*, or punctuation, except that occasionally the paragraph—a horizontal stroke drawn above the beginning of a line—marks a transition in the sense. The second copy (B) has preserved the writing better, but is less correct. The subject of the fragment is the protest which a daughter makes against her father's withdrawing her from a husband who has fallen into poverty and marrying her to a new and wealthier mate. M. Weil considers this situation to correspond most nearly with that of Hyrnetho, daughter of Temenos and wife of the Epidaurian prince Deiphontes, whom her brothers, according to Pausanias, counselled to leave her husband and wed a richer mate of their own choosing. This was the subject of Euripides' *Temenidae*. But, as M. Blass objects, Temenos would seem, from the account of Pausanias as well as of Apollodorus and others, to have sided with his daughter *against* his sons; nor is there any ground for supposing Hyrnetho's husband to have become poor. If, therefore, this fragment is from the *Temenidae*, Euripides must have followed the story in outline only, and altered it where it suited his purpose. In any case the play would seem to have been a late composition, as it abounds in resolved feet—e.g.,

τῶν μὲν ἀγαθῶν με τὸ μέρος ὃν εἶχεν λαβεῖν τοῦ συναπορηθῆναι δὲ μὴ λαβεῖν μέρος.

The next fragment is from the *Medea*, vv. 5-12. It is full of errors, and is stigmatised by Blass as "the oldest and worst" of existing MSS. Yet it is something to know that what till now was only a conjecture of Wakefield's, *ἀριστῶν* for *ἀριστέων*, can henceforth claim the support of a document dating before the Christian era, and that the strange attraction *πολιτῶν* in v. 12 is certainly what Euripides wrote. Then come twenty-three more *senarii* of unknown authorship, perhaps by Aeschylus, and possibly from the drama known as *Κάρες ἡ Εύρωτη*. Blass has exerted himself to restore the corrupt passages of this fragment, more happily, we think, than M. Weil, even if sometimes his restorations seem over-venturous. Thus in vv. 12, 13, the papyrus gives in uncials—

Ραδαμανθύν ωσπερ ἀφθίδος παιδῶν εμων
αλλακεμαγαστασεμασζοας εχειν

which Blass corrects to—

‘Ραδάμανθυν ὅσπερ ἀφθίδος παιδῶν ἐμῶν
εἴηγχ ἐπ’ αἰας τέρμασι ζόας ἔχειν

following *Od.* iv. 563, where Rhadamanthus is said to dwell at the ends of the earth. The alteration, though rather far from the papyrus, is tempting and not unlike Aeschylus. In two passages I venture to offer an emendation which approaches the original more closely than any I have seen.

V. 7.—καιτριαγωνειστος γυναικειον πονους
εκαρτερησ αρουρα

Weil emends και τρισὶν ἀγῶσι, Blass και τρὶς πονοῦσα. May not the right reading be

και τρεῖς ἀγῶνας, τρεῖς γυναικειόν πόνους?

Again, in v. 22, the papyrus gives
λεπτη γαρ ελπις ηδε επιξυρημενη

which Weil alters to ἐνὶ ξυροῦ πέλει, Blass to ἐνὶ ξυροῦ μένει. I suggest that the original was really ἐπεξυρμένη, "closely shaved," though I am not aware of any author who uses the word.

The fourth fragment is from a comedy. It consists of fifteen iambics in a light and lively style. The fifth is thus given in the papyrus:—

παντρύκτο το καλον τοαγαθον το σεμνον.

Weil reads παρέκειτο, Blass ἤλλακτο. A slighter change would be παρήκτο, "was altered," "perverted."

The two epigrams which form the last portion of this valuable discovery are by Poseidippus. The first describes the celebrated lighthouse constructed by Sostratus of Cnidos on the eastern extremity of the island of Pharos, opposite Alexandria. The second commemorates the erection by Callimachus of the temple of Aphrodite Arsinoe on the African promontory of Zephyrium. Callimachus' epigram on the same subject (*Athen.* 318 D) is well known.

R. ELLIS.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

COL. STRELBITZKY, of the Russian staff, has recently published an atlas of fifteen maps, accompanied by explanatory text, in which he shows the extent of the Turkish possessions in Europe as settled by the chief treaties signed during the past 180 years. From this it appears that they have gradually decreased from 15,454 square miles in 1698 to 4,559 in 1879.

AN important Russian expedition under Gen. Gluchowsky, with M. Holmstrom as engineer-in-chief, is about to make surveys and levellings on the middle course of the Oxus, besides undertaking geological investigations. The labours of this expedition in connexion with the project for diverting the Oxus to the Caspian Sea are expected to last three years.

In the course of his explorations last year in Mongolia, Col. Pevtsof made rich collections in the departments of geology, mineralogy, and botany. He afterwards spent two months at Kalgan (Chang-chia-kow), 150 miles north-west of Peking, studying the commercial relations between China and Mongolia at that important gate of the Great Wall. Among his other scientific work he determined astronomically the positions of twelve points in the neighbourhood of Urga, and also of other places on the road to Koko-nor.

THE national congress of French geographical societies is to be held at Nancy from August 5 to 10. An exhibition of maps, &c., will be opened on August 1, and will continue during the session of the congress.

THE French Geographical Society have recently determined to award certificates to such intending travellers as have passed through a satisfactory course of scientific instruction at the Montsouris Observatory. Our own society, on the contrary, give the instruction, and, in the place of honorary distinctions, grant travellers substantial assistance by lending them good and trustworthy instruments.

Mr. F. A. A. SIMONS, who last year sent home from the United States of Colombia some useful notes on the topography of the Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta, has for some time past been engaged in mapping the watershed of that little-known region. Mr. Simons obtained his first experiences as a traveller as Mr. H. B. Cotterill's companion in East Africa in 1876.

THE German branch of the International

African Association, which has not hitherto undertaken any exploring work in East Central Africa, is about to establish a station near the south end of Lake Tanganyika. It is to be hoped that they will take warning by the recent experiences of Messrs. Thomson and Stewart, and avoid Pambete, which, though conveniently situated, is emphatically condemned by both those travellers on the ground of its insalubrity.

IN consequence of a suggestion made by M. van Volxem at the recent meeting of the International African Association at Brussels, an experiment is to be made whether the buffalo is liable to be attacked by the *tsese* fly, with a view to its employment as a beast of burden in East Africa.

By last accounts from the West Coast of Africa, the Rev. T. J. Comber, whose departure for the Congo we recorded last year, was intending to start on a journey to the great ivory trading-mart of Zombo from San Salvador, where he has been settled for some months. Zombo, which is almost, if not quite, unknown to European travellers, lies to the north-east of San Salvador, beyond a range of mountains of the same name, in about E. long. 15° 35', S. lat. 5° 40'. If successful in his attempt, Mr. Comber will make Zombo a station on the road to Stanley Pool, the point which he eventually hopes to reach on the Congo.

THE Council of the Royal Geographical Society have awarded their gold medals for the present year to Lieut. A. L. Palander, of the Swedish Navy, for his services to geographical science as commander of the *Vega* in the Swedish Arctic Expedition of 1878-9, and to Mr. Ernest Giles for leading various expeditions in Australia and making valuable route surveys, as well as scientific collections. A gold watch was also awarded to Bishop Crowther for his services to geography during his numerous journeys in the Niger region in the past forty years, and for the additions he has made to our knowledge of the country and the language and customs of the people.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Observations made during Total Solar Eclipses, collated by A. C. Ranyard.—The publication of vol. xli. of the *Memoirs* of the Royal Astronomical Society places at the service of readers a vast amount of information respecting the physical observations which have been made during total eclipses of the sun, and which have been collated and arranged by Mr. Ranyard from many hundreds of published and unpublished reports. When, in 1860, numerous observers went to Spain in the *Himalaya* for the purpose of taking part in the eclipse observations of that year, they agreed to send their reports to the leader of that expedition, so that their accounts, instead of being published separately, might appear together, broken up and properly arranged according to the different classes of phenomena which had been observed. But when, ten years later, it turned out that not much progress had been made in the execution of the plan, Mr. Ranyard undertook, in 1871, to give his assistance, and, at the same time, to embody the observations of the eclipse of December 1870 with those of 1860. In proceeding with the work, its plan was gradually further enlarged so as to include observations made during other eclipses, as the advantages of bringing together all the observations referring to doubtful or varying phenomena became more apparent. And the result of all this increased voluntary labour and trouble is now contained in a substantial volume of nearly eight hundred pages, in which the scattered evidence of very many witnesses is gathered together, so

that it may be studied with comparative ease. The observations of the different phenomena are arranged in forty-four chapters, of rather unequal length, the last three filling two-thirds of the volume. But as these chapters refer to the polariscope and spectroscopic observations, and to the photographs and drawings of the corona, it will be easily understood that they are concerned with a wide field of investigations of great interest. Eighteen beautifully executed plates and numerous woodcuts illustrate the text, and bring vividly before the reader the entangled and conflicting evidence which scientific research has to disentangle, and out of which it will have to find the way to a better knowledge of the nature of the sun and his surroundings. The great value of Mr. Ranyard's volume will be appreciated by all who avail themselves of the result of his labours in this interesting study.

Geology of Geneva.—Prof. Alphonse Favre has just published, in two volumes, a detailed description of the geology of the canton of Geneva. The work has been prepared for the Agricultural Committee of the Société des Arts de Genève, and is issued as a companion to Favre's geological map of the district which appeared in 1878. The author commenced to collect materials for this work as far back as 1841, and from his intimate acquaintance with the structure of the country has been able to produce a monograph of unusual merit.

DR. GÜNTHER has chosen from the zoological collections of the Indian Museum the specimens required for the British Museum, and a selection of the remainder has been offered in succession to, and accepted by, the Indian Museum (Calcutta), the Indian Institute (Oxford), the South Kensington Museum, the Dublin Museum, and the museums of Scarborough and Maidstone. The British Museum has accepted the documents relating to the zoological collections.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE *Indian Antiquary* for March 1880 contains articles by Mr. Thomas on Andhra coins and on the sun symbol, so well known under the name of Swastika, on which a further note by Mr. Beal is adjoined. The latter scholar has a second paper, reprinted from the *Oriental*, on the Branchidae, a Greek tribe carried off by Xerxes from Miletus, in Ionia, and located in Sogdiana. Their descendants were treacherously massacred by Alexander a hundred and fifty years afterwards; and Mr. Beal is inclined to attach importance to their long residence in the East as a possible explanation of the Ionian character of Buddhist architecture in Afghanistan. Mr. Walhouse compares some of the most beautiful of the ethical verses of the celebrated Tamil poets, Tiruvallavar and Vemāna, with similar sentiments in Christian books. Mr. Fleet, of the Bombay Civil Service, continues his valuable series of translations of Sanskrit and Old-Canarese inscriptions. There follows an account, not apparently very trustworthy, of the Perumāl Princes of Malayalam, extracted from the Administration Reports of the native State of Travancore; and Mr. Goonatilleke (Gunatilaka's) paper on the Grammar of Chandra is reprinted from the ACADEMY of last January. A translation by Mr. Beal of the Chinese version of a Buddhist legend about purgatory, with some minor notes, and a review of Forbes's *Burma*, concludes a number of unusually varied interest.

Das Altindische Neu- und Vollmondsopfer in seiner einfachsten Form, by Dr. Alfred Hillebrandt (Jena: Fischer), is the title of a monograph on the ritual of a post-Vedic sacrifice of the pre-Buddhistic Hindus. Dr. Hillebrandt, who is a *privat-docent* at Breslau, has collected from various books of ritual the details of these

important new- and full-moon sacrifices, including the preparation of the materials for sacrifice—the wood, the milk, the butter, the corn, and the cakes—the exact preparation of the site of the offering (of which a plan is given), the libation of the melted butter, the offering and cutting of the cakes, the communion by the priests, and the invocation of the gods. At almost every step in the lengthy ceremony sacred words have to be spoken and mystical actions performed by the priests, whose position at each stage in the proceedings is carefully determined; and all these sacred words and ritualistic observances are carefully related and described in order by Dr. Hillebrandt. The account of the ceremony is thus lengthened out to no less than 175 pages, authorities being given in the notes for each statement; and, as the new- and full-moon offerings were by no means the most intricate or most important of the Brahman sacrifices, some idea may be gathered of the extent which ritual had reached among them. For this reason, though there are a multitude of questions more attractive and more instructive than such detailed enquiries into ancient rubric and ritual, it is of great value to have the actual facts of the Brahman sacrificial ceremonies brought so clearly to light as they are in this careful and scholarly essay. It will probably be very long before anyone will feel himself drawn to undertake a similar elucidation of more intricate services—the Soma sacrifice, for example; and the thanks of Indianists are due to Dr. Hillebrandt for his performance of the unenviable task of investigating these ancient follies. It is the greater pity that the use of his laborious work as a book of reference is rendered almost impossible by the absence of any index, even of the most meagre kind.

FINE ART. EXHIBITIONS.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE summer exhibition of this society, which is now open, is good, there being many pictures worth seeing, although the collection as a whole is not as interesting as its predecessor.

The Crown Princess of Germany, who is an honorary member of the society, sends a powerful study, called *Roma*, a spirited head of the true Italian type. Mr. Tenniel has here the drawing for one of his famous political cartoons for *Punch*, entitled *Which Goes Back?* the Russian bear and English lion meeting on a narrow path overhanging a precipice, at an angle of a rock; the characteristics of the two animals are given in Mr. Tenniel's most masterly way. Mr. Wolf has but one work, *Grave and Gay*, a brown owl sitting in the shady recess of a tree, blinking at some gorgeous but frivolous butterflies fluttering about in front of him. The attempt to suggest the motion of the wings by giving the outline dimly or double is new, but the effect produced is not satisfactory. By Mr. J. D. Linton are three drawings, of which *Peveril of the Peak* is the most important. It is rather pretty than powerful. The two young people in green and white, against green tapestry, make an attractive group; but the old man to the left who issues from behind a curtain could not in real life accomplish this without making some noise, and thereby interrupting Peveril. It would be pretty if arranged as a *tableau vivant*. Mr. Linton's other contributions are studies of colour, *In Red* and *In White*, of which the former is good, while in the latter the face of the lady in white, turned sideways, is almost black in shadow, which, although it may be true as an accidental effect seen in nature, is here disturbing to the general tone

of white; the pale green substance of the satin body is well given, and the bare arm and neck are excellent. Mr. Linton understands well how to paint firm and healthy-looking flesh. By Mr. Henry Stock are four works, very different in subject from any others here; they deal with expiring life and spirits. Of these, *Lovers Meeting after Death* is the most original, although not a good composition; it shows two forms stepping briskly up on either side of a cloud to meet one another. *The Soul leaving the Body* is too suggestive of William Blake, without his wonderful mystery, to be satisfactory. *The Guardian Angel* is more pleasing; it shows a rosy maiden with an expression in the far open eyes of inward listening, attended by a spirit that floats above her. In Mr. Stock's other work the figure of Eurydice has too evidently been inspired by Mr. Watts' painting of the same subject in last year's exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery. By Mr. Boughton is a pretty country scene of a labourer returning from work, whose three ruddy children peep through the bars of the farm-gate looking for him. Mr. Seymour Lucas's *Captain of the Guard* shows a standing figure adroitly painted, whose ugly and blood-stained face it is not pleasant to look upon, although, no doubt, it is in keeping with the character of a warrior. Mr. Israels' two drawings here without titles, of a pig and a pick-a-back, are clever, and less gloomy than the subjects usually chosen by this artist. The best of Mr. Townley Green's several small works is one called *Despatches*, a study of a man in red; one other, *Good-night*, a young lady pausing, with the handle of the door in one hand and a lighted candle in the other, to say "Good-night," would be better if the face were not so large and round, or so luminous, the whole light of the candle being concentrated on it. There are two large landscapes here, one, by Mr. H. G. Hine, of the *View from Mount Harry, near Lewes*, showing the fine sweep of the downs, the simplicity and grandeur of which are excellently given; the sheep seen below as mere specks help to carry out the general impression of space. From *Heddon Hill, looking towards Maidenhead*, by Mr. Aumonier, is a very charming landscape; the river winds through it between a hill covered with trees on one side and meadows partly under water on the other, while in front is a field of corn with reapers at work; the whole effect of this picture is very impressive. There are here three of Mr. Fulleylove's charming scenes of the gardens at Hampton Court, with figures introduced clad in the costume of the time, by which, however, is raised a doubt whether the buildings are not too aged for that time, and the trees of too great luxuriance. One of them, *A Lover's Quarrel*, shows a delightful tree-enclosed lawn, in the centre of which is a stone-encircled pool, with an elegant swain seated on a bank, and a plump little red-clad dame in anger upbraiding him. The sequel to this is given in another view of the garden, where the same red-clad—but no longer so plump—dame walks pensively and regretfully alone; but we cannot share her regret, as the youth seemed spiritless and impassive. *The Fisherman's Last Voyage*, by Mr. T. Walter Wilson, shows the funeral of one of the toilers of the deep: the corpse is borne along the river from the sea to the little village churchyard in a boat; a group of sorrowing fisher-folk, in their every-day dress and great wooden shoes, accompany it, trudging along the river bank, while a little girl of the party, understanding but slightly what has happened, turns aside to gather wild flowers. The feeling of grief and the sense of rapid motion are well suggested. Mr. Clausen's *Back to their Homes* shows a company of fishwives and children returning across the white sands from helping in the landing of a take of fish; it is very sunny in effect and refreshing,

and the children in particular are delightful. By Mrs. Elizabeth Murray is a scene of a *Jewish Marriage Festival at Morocco*, wherein professional musicians are entertaining the guests while the bride is being painted; the face of the man who plays on a guitar is admirable, and the merry twinkle of the eye full of humour. By Mrs. Oliver are two successful views of Italian towns, of which that of the market-place at Verona is spoilt by the too great brilliancy of the group of people under the umbrella-like booths, the perspective of which is good. Miss Gow's *Fairy Tales* shows dexterity in treatment of surface effects and textures. The many paintings here of landscape with reeds are fatiguing to the eye from their great similarity and utter badness; the reeds are all painted with the same touch, and resemble nothing so much as the strokes in a child's first writing book, except that those would be less regular than are these wearisome reeds.

HANOVER GALLERY.—MAKART'S PICTURES.

THIS new gallery, admirably arranged for the exhibition of paintings and sculptures, opened its first season by the private view of the great picture of *The Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp*, the series of processional costume pictures showing the celebration of the "Silver Wedding" of the Emperor of Austria last year, and a selection of French pictures, on Saturday last. Excellently fitted for its object, and situated in Bond Street at the corner of Madox Street, nearly opposite the Grosvenor, it could not have begun its career with a more striking display than that now to be seen there, Herr Makart's immense historic spectacle being the crowning triumph of the present Bavarian, or, we ought to say, of the young German, school. In all regions of taste, especially in the highest, where the aesthetic motive is in most absolute command, reaction follows quickly on extreme development of any kind, and here we have one of the most emphatic examples of the law that the history of art can show. The ascendancy of uncoloured design as the highest element of art and of purism in sentiment and in drawing sixty years ago has died out, the revival of fresco having been tried with every possible advantage except that of climate, and found wanting in the pleasure-giving charm of colour; we have in Makart's works the exact opposite to the cold and pious scholasticism of Cornelius. It is sufficiently wonderful, but certainly true, that the genius appears able to express such a change when he is required—that is to say, when the public want the change. In the day of Overbeck and Cornelius, Makart would have been helpless, but at the present moment he takes Europe in a certain way by storm.

This most able and really surprising picture was in the Paris International Exhibition two years since, and there received the highest award the juror could bestow. The excellent photographs and etchings since published have made us all acquainted with the composition, especially the etching just issued in *L'Art*. But we would advise all who care for the art of our time to visit the new gallery. The massive richness of handling, the splendour of colour, surpassing that of Rubens, united with sensational romance and the modern charms of sentiment and knowledge, make *The Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp* superlatively interesting. We are quite aware that Makart's style of work is not only objected to, but violently opposed and treated as almost entirely deleterious in its influence, by men, critics and painters alike, who believe only in one province, or form, or motive, in the representation of Nature by brush or chisel, and who object to everything which they find unsympathetic with their theories or practice. We remember

Cornelius being similarly objected to, and, after his, Kaulbach's quasi-intellectual productions. Nevertheless, these names remain the great names in modern art; and here again in the history of painting appears a painter by the gift of Nature, endowed by constitution and temperament, not trained painfully and timidly by academic process. We might object loudly enough to points and characteristics, but with that conviction of the birthright of Makart we shall not.

When the city of Vienna celebrated the "Silver Wedding" of the Emperor and Empress of Austria in March last year, Herr Makart was deputed to contrive a costume procession of the guilds and other bodies willing to join. To effect this, he executed thirty-three brilliant compositions, long-shaped pictures, which are here exhibited. This fantastic mode of celebrating a festival has always had a great charm for German artists, who used to indulge in it, perhaps do still, in Rome and elsewhere, once a year; and this brilliant succession of masquerading merchants and architects, bakers and butchers, recalls the similar celebration under Kaiser Max represented by Burgmaier. These thirty-three pictures show all the daring *bravura* of hand, if we may use the phrase, possessed by the artist, and the endless resources of his invention.

Of the French school, as here displayed, we can only speak briefly. Nearly all the works collected on the dais, or upper portion of the gallery, may be said to be representative. They show the art of the several painters at their best, for the most part; Meissonier especially (No. 52), *Musketeers on the March*; Millet (57), *The Turkey Farm*; Rosa Bonheur and Henriette Browne in various subjects, Théodore Rousseau, Daubigny, and others. Two pictures by Alfred Stevens we must more particularly mention. One is No. 41, *Mother and Child*, painted in his usual manner, or even with more than usually careful *finesse* and finish, without the hardness so often marring our English elaborations. The other is a *tour de force* cutting out all the Impressionist performances it has been our fortune to see. It is, curiously enough, painted on glass placed over a canvas on which the whole of the details have first been most carefully drawn. The subject is *A Morning Call*; the scene a sumptuous Parisian drawing-room, in which are three ladies correspondingly attired in sumptuous fashions. These, with the mirrors, pictures, carpet, all the surrounding objects, are painted at once, without revision and with astonishing force. At the distance demanded by the artist, the effect is perfect.

THE collection of Mr. Watts' works now exhibiting at the Royal Manchester Institution is well worth a journey to the North to see, even though most of them may have been already seen in London. It consists of no less than fifty-four oil paintings, beside two heads in marble; and it is entirely lent by a single owner, Mr. Charles H. Rickards. Rarely, if ever, has so valuable an opportunity been given for examining the development of a living artist. Mr. Watts may here be studied in some of his earliest efforts, in the ripe work of his full age (which as yet shows no faltering); in many of his most successful portraits, and in those allegorical subjects which even his admirers confess to be of unequal merit. This is not the occasion either for praise or criticism. Mr. Watts' position is well established. Others may have been more successful in attracting the public eye; none has been more true to himself and to his art. And it is just this quality which renders the present collection so important for the student. It might perhaps be possible to learn from a single picture the sense of rich colour and the mastery over light

and shade which are among Mr. Watts' highest gifts. But only after the comparative examination of a long series of works can we bring away the true lesson—that no honest attempt to realise the product of the imagination, though in some respects unsuccessful, can be unworthy or valueless.

THE loan exhibition of gold and silver work at Amsterdam, opened on April 15, is well worthy of a visit from English amateurs of plate. The two large picture galleries of the Artists' Club, "Arti et Amicitiae," are filled with cases in which book-covers, caskets, maces, horns, *plaques*, official chains and badges, tankards, beakers, cups, *tazze*, and vases, mainly of Dutch origin, are arranged with judgment and taste. Many small objects, such as watches, medals, and toys, are also exhibited. The treasures of almshouses, guilds, corporations, and private collections have been laid under contribution. A careful examination of the exhibition will greatly increase our appreciation of the Dutch silversmiths' work. A good Catalogue, describing 336 specimens, has been printed. From time to time supplements will be published giving accounts of the more important pieces not included in the first edition of the Catalogue. The collection will be on view during May and June, and possibly for a longer time. Of course it is not free from rubbish and forgeries, but the many Gothic works of the fifteenth century, and such splendid pieces as the St. Sebastian drinking-horn of the year 1565 and the "Popa" ewer and salver of the seventeenth century, more than compensate for the inevitable intrusion of a few productions of the nineteenth century with which one would have gladly dispensed.

ART SALES.

DURING the last days of last week, Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge were engaged in selling the very interesting collection of an amateur. There were rare specimens of Lukas of Leyden, Albert Dürer, Marc Antonio—including what is probably the finest impression of the St. Cecilia known, both as regards condition and state—Rembrandt, Hollar, and other masters. French portraiture, chiefly of the seventeenth century, was represented by its greatest masters; and there was a fine collection of the works of Faithorne, and many other noticeable prints. But to the student of English art the assemblage was perhaps chiefly remarkable by reason of the presence of what must surely have been the most splendid collection in existence of the mezzotints after Constable by David Lucas. We append the prices and some details of these, as they rarely occur in the print market in similar condition, and are less known and less valued than they ought to be. It is not perhaps generally known that David Lucas, who, to begin with, was an excellent artist in mezzotint, executed these plates under the immediate supervision of Constable, much as the mezzotint engravers of the *Liber Studiorum* executed theirs under the close correction of Turner. But, unlike the plan followed in *Liber Studiorum*, no etched line traced by the painter himself gave firmness of contour to the objects on these plates of Lucas's. The work, like the *Rivers of England* and the *Ports of England*, is a pure mezzotint. Again, the colour of the ink selected for the prints after Constable was almost always black, or as near to black as may be; while the prints of *Liber Studiorum* are all of brown, though of browns of differing shades—some delightfully low toned and cool, and some much too nearly approaching a caroty red. But these things, which create a particular divergence between the effects attained in *Liber Studiorum* and those reached in the mezzotints after Constable, do not hide

from us the fact that in each case—in Turner's and in Constable's—the object of the series of prints was to give full expression to the power and to the range possessed by each of the two painters. Constable's prints often, though not always, make delightful or strongly impressive pictures; but with regard to them nothing is more noticeable than their limitations of theme. To Turner all atmospheric effects and all combinations of line were interesting, and were available in his art. The comparatively formless art of Constable—dealing with nature not subtly, but heavily and in great masses—confined itself generally to effects of storm and shower, strong shadow or vivid sunlight. It renders with skill, and sometimes even with passion, what it essayed to render, but its representation of nature is partial and incomplete. Constable's own art is wonderfully reflected in these mezzotints of Lucas, done, as it were, under his eye. The little mezzotints, therefore, will be increasingly valuable as records of the master's work, however faulty or deficient that work may in some respects be. At the sale of Thursday last, the David Lucas appeared often two or three impressions in a lot. These were proofs in various stages. The changes in the effects were very frequent, for, as the delicate plate wore or as improvements suggested themselves, alterations were made. It will be seen that the prices realised were often not high. Some of the more noticeable were as follow:—*A Summer Land*, five proofs in progressive states, £3 17s. (Colnaghi); *Yarmouth*, two excessively beautiful proofs, with a refinement and subtlety of effect seen only rarely and in the best works of the master, £3 19s. (Noseda); *Summer Morning*, in all six proofs, £6 2s. 6d. (Noseda); *Summer Evening*, three proofs in progressive states, £5 7s. 6d. (Noseda); *A Dell, Helmingham Park*, eight proofs, £8 5s. (Colnaghi); *A Heath*, seven proofs, some very fine, £10 15s. (Colnaghi); *Stoke-by-Neyland*—a subject which appears more theatrically treated—£8 8s.; *A Sea Beach*, four proofs in progressive states, £10 10s. (Colnaghi); the *River Stour, Suffolk*, six proofs, £7 10s. (Noseda); *Old Sarum*, six impressions of this solemn and weird subject, £13 2s. 6d. (Noseda); *Weymouth Bay*, two proofs, one of which was certainly unsurpassable, £6 6s. (Colnaghi); *Salisbury Cathedral*, one proof near completion, £6 10s. (Thibaud); *Spring*—three proofs of one of the calmest and most cheerful of the subjects of Constable, showing exquisitely a great stretch of flat arable land under gray March skies, broken with sunshine—£5 2s. 6d. There were others of somewhat less importance which we need not cite.

THE Trustees of the British Museum sold on Wednesday in last week the collection of duplicate impressions of etchings and line engravings which has been the theme of conversation for some considerable time. A few important lots were, however, withdrawn almost at the last. The sale was conducted by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge. The rare *Sibyls* of Baccio Baldini, of which certain French criticism has declared that some of them were designed by Botticelli, were the first important lots; but the condition of some of the impressions occurring at the British Museum print sale left something to be desired. The *Sibylla Chimica* fetched £19 (Davidson); the *Sibylla Eritaea*, £8; the *Sibylla Elisopica*—which the *Standard* has stated sold for £70 at the Durazzo sale about eight years ago—sold for £22, and was certainly cheap; *Sibylla Phrigia*, in the first state, fetched £15 10s., and in the second state it was knocked down for £7; *Sibylla Agrippa* sold for £10. The etchings of Nicolaas Berchem are remarked to have fetched high prices: *A Drinking Cow* sold for £88; *The Shepherd playing the Flute*, first state, and with ample margin, £22 1s.; and *The Shepherd*

by a *Fountain* from the Sheepshanks collection—a large print, broad in treatment—£12. By Jacob Binck, the portrait of *Christian III. of Denmark* sold for £35. By Wenceslas Hollar, a first state of *Antwerp Cathedral* sold for £24; *The Royal Exchange*, a subject of peculiar interest to the lovers of London topography, £30 (Harvey). By Karel du Jardin, *Two Donkeys* fetched £11 5s.; a *Landscape with a Church*, first state, with an ample margin, £14 10s.; and a *Landscape with Two Donkeys in the Foreground*, a brilliant impression of the first state, £9 10s. Domenico Campagnola's beautiful print of an Italian genre subject—*The Musical Party*—sold for £44. Antony Vandyke's *Portrait of Paul Potter* fetched no less a sum than £52 in the second state. Of Lukas of Leyden's works there were but three, but all were important: *The Christ shown to the People* fetched £28; *The Poet Vergil suspended in a Basket*, an impression from the Harding collection, realised the same sum; while the extremely rare *Portrait of the Emperor Maximilian* was knocked down for £80 (Noseda). Of the works of Mair von Landshut we note *The Adoration of the Magi*, a fine impression, £47; and the print somewhat lengthily entitled *A Young Lady receiving a Gentleman at the Door of a Gothic Mansion*, £34. By Israel van Meckenem there were to be noted *The High Priest refusing the Offering of Joachim*, £30; *The Virgin, St. Anne, St. Catherine, and St. Barbara*, £30, and two or three others. By Paul Potter, *Le Berger*, with the address of Clément de Jonghe, fetched £24; and the *Head of a Cow*, a rare work, £25—both high prices for the prints of Paul Potter. Marc Antonio was unrepresented, but by a member of his school there was the *Venus and Cupid accompanied by Pallas*, from the centre group of the well-known *Judgment of Paris* by Marc Antonio Raimondi, £35. Coming to the etchings of Rembrandt, of which there were not very many, we should chronicle the *Portrait of Rembrandt leaning on a Stone Sill*, a fine impression of the rare first state, £116 (Thibaudeau); *Abraham entertaining the Three Angels*, £27; the *Rest in Egypt*, £27; the *Baptism of the Eunuch*, £11; the *View of Amsterdam*, a fine impression, £34 (Thibaudeau); the *Goldweigher's Field*, a warmly toned impression of this masterly landscape, £40 (Davidsohn); *Dr. Faustus*, a really brilliant impression and full of burr, £44; *Clément de Jonghe*, third state, after the first changes in the plate, £16—a fine impression of that rather late state. Again there was the *Goldweigher*, second state, £124—a fine impression of this doubtful plate. Finally, among the Rembrandts, *The Great Jewish Bride*, a fourth state, £50. By Martin Schongauer, we note *The Crucifixion* (from the Conyngham collection), £72; the *St. Barbara*, likewise from the Conyngham collection, and an early impression of this pretty little print, £20; *The Virgin seated on a Throne near the Saviour*, rare and fine, £60. By Adriaan van de Velde, a brilliant impression of the *Cow and Two Sheep at the Foot of a Tree* fetched £10. Among the works of the great artist known under three styles—Jacob Walch, Jacopo de' Barbari, and the "Maitre Caducée"—there occurred the *Judith* (£21), and a brilliant impression of the *Three Men tied to a Tree*, £38 (Thibaudeau). By Johann Waechtlin, of Strassburg, the three-coloured print of *Orpheus playing to the Animals* sold for £48. It is stated to have been bought for the Berlin Museum. Of English last-century works there occurred hardly any, but a magnificent proof of John Spilsbury's mezzotint after Sir Joshua Reynolds—the portrait of *Miss Jacobs*—sold for £65 (Colnaghi). It has been announced in the press that a certain number of prints were bought in; but, however this may be, the purchase of the Crace collection of views and plans of Old

London—a collection unequalled of its kind—must have been greatly facilitated by this sale of duplicates.

THE sale of the Walferdin collection caused considerable interest among *connoisseurs* and dealers in Paris last week. The paintings by Fragonard, which formed the chief feature of the sale, fetched high prices. Two decorative works, painted by him for Mme. du Barry, were particularly warmly contested, and sold for 30,000 francs. *Les Amants heureux*, one of the most admired works in the collection, sold for 20,000 francs.; *L'Etable*, for 15,000 francs.; *Le Début du Modèle*, for 15,000 francs.; and *Le Vœu de l'Amour*, for 10,000 francs. The two busts by Houdon of Mirabeau, one in terra-cotta and the other in marble, were both bought by the State for 8,000 francs.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MANY of our readers who are interested in Venetian art are doubtless aware that Mr. Bunney has for the past three years been engaged on a large painting of the west front of St. Mark's. They will be glad to hear that the picture is approaching completion, and will probably be exhibited in London in the course of the summer. The effect chosen by Mr. Bunney is that of early morning, the façade being in tone against a luminous sky; this has enabled him to give the full depth of porphyry and serpentine, marble and mosaic, relieved by the occasional golden flashes, which is, perhaps, the most impressive aspect of the wondrous Basilica. With the exception of the background of Gentile Bellini's picture in the Accademia, we believe St. Mark's has never before been painted on so large a scale; and the singular force and accuracy of Mr. Bunney's work will enable those who have not seen the original to realise it as it actually stands. The picture is a commission for Mr. Ruskin, and we understand will find a permanent resting-place in his museum at Sheffield.

MESSRS. BICKERS AND SON have in the press for speedy publication the Lectures on Art delivered at the Royal Academy by Henry Weekes, R.A., with a portrait and short biographical sketch of the author and eight selected photographs of his works.

AT a general assembly of the Royal Academy, held on the evening of Friday, the 23rd ult., Mr. Charles B. Birch, sculptor, was elected an Associate, and Mr. Frederick Stacpoole, an Associate Engraver.

THE front pillars of Torregiano's altar, which Mr. J. H. Middleton discovered a few months ago in the Ashmolean Museum, and which the university authorities have since given up to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, were replaced in their old position in the Chapel of Henry VII. on Monday last. The altar to which they originally belonged was destroyed in 1643.

MR. W. HOLMAN HUNT delivered a lecture on the colours used by artists on Wednesday last, the 21st ult., at the Society of Arts, Sir Coutts Lindsay in the chair. The lecture had been carefully written, was of considerable length, and gave the audience the result of something like twenty years' experiments and observations. After some account of Theophilus, Cennini, and other early writers, Mr. Hunt described the ignorance of the materials he used and of the chemistry of his pigments now experienced by the painter, resulting from the facilities afforded him by the colourman and canvas preparer. He dwelt upon the practice of Reynolds and later men, showing that the experience of painter after painter was

lost from the want of united action, and of any record of their practice; and ended by advising a remedy for this state of things in the shape of a society possessing a library and a laboratory for testing and preparing materials. The last portion of the lecture, which was listened to with great attention by a full audience, was illustrated by several sheets of trials of colours and tints applied to the canvas, some of them as long ago as 1860, showing, as far as possible, the mutual destruction of certain pigments and the changes of others. These sheets were exhibited by means of a colourless light of intense brilliancy. We understand that the lecture will be published.

THE fifth volume of the *Catalogue of Oriental Coins in the British Museum*, by Stanley Lane Poole, will be published in May, succeeding the fourth volume at an interval of four months. The present volume describes the coins of the various Mohammedan dynasties of North Africa and Spain from the conquest of the Peninsula and Morocco by the Almoravides to the present day. The rich series of these princes, and of the Almohades, the Hafisides of Tunis, the Merinides and Sherifs of Morocco, form one of the most remarkable sections of the Oriental side of the national collection. The square coinage of the Almohades was the parent of the *Millares* of Marseilles and the Riviera; while the *Maravedi*, or Almoravide denarius, is well known to mediaeval students as the only gold currency of Europe between the time of Charlemagne and the thirteenth century that could presume to compete with the *bezant* or Byzantine solidus. At the end of the volume are described some thirty coins of the Yemen, some of which are unique, and all of which illustrate a most obscure portion of Oriental history. A lengthy Introduction deals with the historical bearings and inscriptional difficulties of the coinage. The sixth volume of the Catalogue, comprising the Mongol issues, is, we understand, in the press.

WE have received a dainty volume which leads us to hope that Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. propose to issue *éditions de luxe* of at least some of their series of "Biographies of Great Artists." Mr. W. B. Scott's *Little Masters*, beautifully printed on thick paper, neatly bound in Roxburgh style, and containing several inserted permanent photographs admirably executed, deserves to be called by this name. It is a great boon to be able to possess at a small cost such a little treasury of early German art. Among the new illustrations are Barthel Beham's *Fight of Naked Men*, Sebald Beham's *Melencolia* (very interesting from its likeness to Dürer's famous print), Aldegrever's *Frieze of Dancing Children*, Binck's fine portrait of *Christian III. of Denmark*, and two interesting Brosamers. The last-named add greatly to the value of the book, as no example of Brosamer is given in the ordinary edition. We are also glad to see that opportunity has been taken to correct several errors in the list of wood engravings.

MR. WENTWORTH COLE has offered space on the walls of the Royal Albert Hall for the exhibition of a certain number of works rejected from the Royal Academy. We fear that with the increase in the number of exhibitions the case of the rejected becomes more hopeless every year. The Royal Albert Hall would be an honourable asylum, but it is scarcely the place to focus attention upon neglected merit.

THE death is announced of Mr. John Lomax, the well-known dealer in pictures and works of art, and head of the firm of John Lomax and Son, of Cross Street, Manchester. He was himself an artist, and was especially successful in his paintings and drawings of woodland scenery.

THE forty-seventh meeting of the French Archaeological Society, founded by M. de Caumont, will begin at Arras on June 29. The programme is chiefly occupied with questions relating to the history and archaeology of the North of France.

THE electric light will be again used at the French Salon this season, although the jury of painting have protested strongly against this mode of lighting as being too unequal and glaring, injuring almost invariably the effect of painting and not improving that of sculpture. M. Turquet expressed his regret that the jury had not made known their opinion last year when the experiment was tried. It was now, he stated, too late to go back, for the Government had signed an agreement with the Jablochhoff Society which bound them to a second experiment. Every modification, however, would be tried, such as using yellow globes, altering the disposition of the candles, &c., so that it might be hoped that a greater success would be gained than was achieved last year.

MEYER's picture of the view from the Rigi, which is upwards of seven feet in length and printed in colours, excels anything which has hitherto been published as a memorial of that amazing prospect. It is too unwieldy to use upon the spot, unless it be first cut to pieces. It has been printed in four sections, which have been afterwards pasted together, but the printers must be a little more careful in their selection of colours, for the copy sent to us registers execrably, a hard blue-green line of grass being joined to a hard yellow-green line of grass. Every mountain, peak, hillock, forest, group of trees, lake, town, or village which one can see from the Kulm is faithfully represented, the names being indicated on the margin. The artist has been over-ambitious to make his panorama look like a picture; the former, especially where the range is so enormous and so infinitely detailed, requires a Japanese severity; the crudeness and conventionality which are out of place in landscape are here in place. Herr Meyer has probably aimed at making the spectator imagine that he is on the summit of the Rigi; and, to do him justice, he has almost succeeded.

THE new arrangements at the Uffizi Museum and Galleries have now been made, and all the appointments filled up. By the new regulations, permission to copy will be given only to applicants who can give proofs of capacity and training. They must produce certificates from such public bodies as our Royal Academy or Science and Art Department, and it is hoped that these certificates will be given with due care to competent persons only. They must be presented through a consul.

"These regulations," our correspondent at Florence writes, "if not especially directed against British applicants, will certainly affect them more than any others. Generally speaking, the English are the only people who venture to apply for permission to copy in public galleries abroad without a knowledge of, at least, the rudiments of art. They, however, make no scruple of occupying places and taking up the keeper's time while they make daubs which help to render English art and taste a matter of ridicule to foreigners. A copyist of six years' standing in our National Gallery was sharply dismissed a short time ago from the Uffizi for incapacity. There is, indeed, no test required by the National Gallery with regard to capacity or efficient training on the part of copyists, and, this being the case, the Florentine authorities refuse to admit any certificate coming from that quarter."

This is not a pleasant reputation to have as a nation, but it is to be feared it is deserved, for, while in general English applicants are the most incompetent, they are, at the same time, the most confident. It is to be hoped that these new regulations will open their eyes a little to their own shortcomings, and teach them

the desirability of knowing the elements of art before they sit down to copy the works of the Great Masters.

VICTOR HUGO, even by his most devoted admirers, has not hitherto been reckoned as an artist, in the limited sense in which the term is generally used. Yet it would seem from six drawings by him which are published in last week's *L'Art* that he is well entitled to the name, for these drawings are remarkably effective works conceived in a weird poetic spirit, somewhat in the style of Gustave Doré, who also seeks to convey impressions rather than absolute facts. His artistic processes are peculiar. "I generally," he explained laughingly to a questioner, "make use of my ink bottle as a palette, and then in order to make my tints lighter I throw half a glass of water over my paper, or sacrifice a few drops of coffee to my drawing." Often it is mere accident that decides the nature of his work. The ink makes a blot upon the paper, and this blot is immediately made to take a form, and is "metamorphosed into a castle, a rook, or silhouette; it becomes a veritable design, it extends, and in the end covers just as much space as the sheet of paper on which it has fallen will permit." It would appear from the drawings reproduced in *L'Art* that Victor Hugo is especially fond of ruined castles with storms passing over them, displaying powerful contrasts of light and shade. Unfortunately most of his sketches have been destroyed, he attaching no importance to them. Many of them were done simply for the amusement of children, who have afterwards torn them up. They do not, of course, pretend to any great skill in execution, being merely rough transcripts of impressions, but everything that comes from so great a hand is interesting. The history of Victor Hugo as an artist is contributed to *L'Art* by M. Alfred Barbou, and is well worth reading, though unfortunately it is written with an irritating imitation of Victor Hugo's own style, which becomes intolerable when adopted by a smaller man.

THE series of four pictures lately exhibited in Burlington House by Mr. Alma-Tadema, representing the four *Seasons* by classic incidents proper to each quarter of the year, has been engraved in the pure-line manner by A. Blanchard, of Paris, with his usual excellence, and published by Messrs. Pilgeram and Lefèvre. *The Seasons: a Roman Idyl*, is a publication of sufficient importance and beauty to make a longer review desirable than we are at present able to give it. The first picture is *Spring*, in which we see young Roman maidens gathering the flowers for the *festa* to celebrate the opening year. These flowers, that thickly cover the ground like our daisies and buttercups, are the star anemone, which attracts the attention of travellers to the Eternal City. The principal figure is a tall girl in a pale dress, making, as far as the painter's part of the work goes, perhaps the most lovely picture of the four. The engraving, however, is equally admirable, and the tenderness of the tone of the light drapery deserves the highest commendation. The next, *Summer*, is a luxurious subject, as it ought to be, but a little difficult to read at first sight. In the heat of Southern Italy, what can be more desirable than the bath? Accordingly, we find that the Romans in the time of the Caesars esteemed the bath, frigid in summer and warm in winter, one of the great necessities of life. Summer is here represented by a lady languidly reclining in a brazen bather, rose leaves swimming on the surface of the water; an attendant, sitting on the bench above, gently dropping asleep. This engraving, dexterous in the highest degree and charming in texture, is a little ambiguous, inasmuch as the white and red rose leaves obscuring the figure of the bather want the

colour to make them quite understood. The third, *Autumn*, shows us the wine chamber after the vintage, where the large *amphorae*, filled for future use, have been deposited, and the daughter of the house offers the pious libation to the god of wine for his generous gifts. This we consider the weak picture of the series. The damsel is not in front of the terminal of the god, nor of the smoking basin into which she pours her offering; she holds a flaming torch, but it has no illuminating effect, and casts no shades. The last of the four, *Winter*, is another contrast. At the foot of one of the columns of a gallery or porch are three women round a brazier, who beguile the time by conversation and a mess of some sort, which one of them stirs on the fire and another tastes. M. Blanchard's share in this concluding design is perhaps his greatest triumph. The purity of the subdued tones and the texture of the marble base of the column that forms the background, by the side of which we have a glimpse of the snowy landscape, are beyond all praise.

DR. J. P. RICHTER continues in the *Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst* this month his careful "Leonardo-studies." He deals this time with the various drawings and MSS. at Windsor that relate to the celebrated model for the equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, concerning which so much has been written with so little result in the way of proof. Dr. Richter is of opinion, notwithstanding the numerous designs for statues with horses on the gallop at Windsor, and Paolo Giovio's description of Leonardo's horse as being "vehemently incited and snorting," that Leonardo represented his horse as standing firmly on his legs, with the rider turned somewhat in his saddle, holding his staff in his hand, in the act of giving the word of command, following in this the motive of his master, Verrocchio. M. Courajod's hypothesis, lately stated in *L'Art*, whereby a drawing by Pollajuolo, preserved at Munich, is supposed to be a copy from Leonardo's statue, is dismissed by Dr. Richter as "too improbable;" but it certainly fits in far better with the received traditions of the work than Dr. Richter's hypothesis, which is founded on certain sentences in the MSS. at Windsor.

THE STAGE.

George Barnwell has been quite a success at the Gaiety, and those who went to laugh remained to applaud. At least this is true of the visitors to the gallery, some of whom were much moved by the diffuse eloquence characteristic of the "palmy days," and by the extremely virtuous sentiments of which modern dramatists are so sparing. But those who were not moved were nevertheless somewhat mistaken if they saw in George Barnwell nothing but an exhibition of the ridiculous and the dull. The dramatist of "the palmy day" had at least a habit of building up the interest to a climax, and not allowing it to fritter away and die out before the end of the piece—its place supplied by the development of curious character and the play of the dramatist's humour and his gift for repartee. Again, the tall language of the drama is no inherent defect; the expression of sentiment in that fashion suited the taste of the day, and seemed natural to it. We cannot blame it now for being inherently bad, but simply for being out of the mode; and thus its distastefulness to us does not condemn the piece, but points merely to the passage of time and the change of manners. Moreover, this tryingly eloquent language is not peculiar to the class of drama to which George Barnwell belongs. The conversation of Julia and Falkland, the model lovers in *The Rivals*, is not a little high-flown; its measured grace and careful artificiality have nothing in common with the elliptical utterances and, we fear, the somewhat prosaic sentiments of the

lovers of the moment. Yet it has never occurred to the most cynical or the most candid of managers to offer the public *The Rivals* as an ironical commentary on the dramatic produce of "the palmy day."

THE events of the week have been the revival of *The Shaughraun* at the Adelphi and the first representation in England of *The Danites* at New Sadler's Wells. The Adelphi revival is a consequence of the engagement of Mr. Dion Boucicault, and a fair share of popularity seems to await it. Mr. Boucicault himself has not visibly aged or lost his vigour, and his sketch of Irish character is nearly as vivid as it was many years ago. The cast of the piece is generally strong. At least, Mr. Boucicault is supported by the possessors of important names: among them are Mr. Henry Neville, Miss Lydia Foote, and Mrs. Alfred Mellon. Mr. Neville succeeds Mr. Terrissas Molineux, and he has more force, but necessarily less of the grace of youth, than Mr. Terriss possessed some six years ago. Miss Foote follows Mrs. Boucicault as Moya, but with an interpretation that is her own, and of course not inefficient, though lacking Mrs. Boucicault's simplicity of tenderness and cheeriness. Mrs. Mellon's is a small part for a long-approved and excellent actress; but the public is the gainer, in the rare opportunity of seeing a small part well played. Mr. E. H. Brooke, Mr. James Fernandez, Mr. Pateman, Miss B. Pateman, and other players complete the cast, and, in a measure, contribute to the success of the piece. *The Shaughraun* is inevitably without the freshness that characterised such Irish dramas as *Arrah-na-Pogue*. The kind of life it deals with had on its production already become familiar to the spectators of *Arrah-na-Pogue* and *The Colleen Bawn*. But there is always enough of interest in the piece and in the playing to save it from the category of failures.

The Danites was brought out this week at Sadler's Wells, and its scenes were watched on the opening night with extreme interest by an audience to whom the life depicted was wholly new. We shall next week be enabled to present our readers with a more detailed record of this production.

MIDDLE. SARAH BERNHARDT may possibly be induced, by persuasion or pressure, to resume her place in the Théâtre Français, but at present her departure is an accomplished fact. Madame Aïnould Plessy left the theatre in like manner some thirty years ago, and on her return to it, when she had become an excellent artist, it was only as a pensionnaire that she was received, and as a pensionnaire that she continued.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE second concert of the Bach Choir at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, April 21, was one of unusual interest. Cherubini's *Messe Solennelle* in D was performed for the first time in London. We learn from the composer's own catalogue that this noble specimen of ecclesiastical music was written in the year 1811. It is the second of nine Masses composed between the years 1808 and 1836. In Cherubini's church music the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries are wonderfully combined—on the one hand, the solemn and severe style of Palestrina and his school; on the other, the charm, sweetness, and also dramatic power of Haydn and Mozart. Cherubini was, however, no mere imitator; he was an original thinker, and possessed the gift of melody; his deep knowledge of counterpoint and fugue enabled him to express his ideas in the clearest form, and to develop them in a powerful and effective manner. He made use of his learning only as a means to an end. The

Mass in D is very long, but never tedious; and the result of great labour, yet never laboured. The orchestration is throughout very fine. We cannot enter into details respecting the music further than to mention specially the magnificent fugal writing in the *Kyrie*, the *Cum sancto Spiritu* and the *Amen* chorus, the beautiful *Et incarnatus* for six solo voices, and the lovely *Dona Nobis* for solo voices and chorus. The soloists were Mrs. Osgood, Madme. Patey, Mr. Shakespeare, and Herr Henschel. Mdlle. Hohenhchild and Mr. Beckett took part in the sextett. The performance of the work was excellent, and more than maintained the high reputation already earned by choir and conductor. The programme included, beside Bach's *Sanctus* in D major—the score of which was carefully rewritten by Mr. Ebenezer Prout—Beethoven's *Meeresstille* and Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht*.

Mr. Oscar Beringer gave his third annual piano-forte recital at St. James's Hall on the afternoon of the same day. The concert commenced with a quintett in F by Rubinstein for piano-forte, flute, clarinet, horn, and bassoon—an interesting but unequal composition. Mr. Beringer's first solo was Liszt's sonata in B minor. The music rests on a poetical basis, but the programme is supplied to us, not by the author, but by one of his friends, Herr Louis Köhler. The work contains much that is interesting and much that is beautiful, but at times it seems to us commonplace, and even ugly. The other solos were a small piece by Kirchner, and Weber's *Invitation* with arabesques by Carl Tanzig. It might be called a "metamorphosis" of Weber's *Invitation*. This last piece, and the Liszt sonata, both of which are replete with difficulties, were magnificently played by Mr. Beringer. We had occasion only last week to speak of his fine playing, and are pleased to have to refer to it so soon again. A *chaconne*, by Raff, for two pianos, was played by Mr. Beringer and his clever pupil, Miss Randegger. Miss Antoinette Stirling was the vocalist, and sang songs by Brahms, Franz, Liszt, and Schumann.

A large audience assembled at the Crystal Palace on the occasion of Mr. Manns' benefit concert. The *Programme Plébiscite* was as follows:—Beethoven's pastoral symphony (247 votes), Wagner's *Tannhäuser* overture (also 247), Handel's largo in G (239), and Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor (223). This last piece was, however, changed for the violin concerto played by M. Emile Sauret. The symphony which obtained the fewest votes was Hofmann's *Friðjof* (10); of overtures Bazzini's *King Lear*, Bennet's prelude *Ajax*, and Heap's concert overture had each only three; while of miscellaneous pieces for orchestra, Mr. Davenport's prelude and fugue in C only received one vote. On the voting paper were given all the pieces performed during the last season at the Crystal Palace.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.
To-night, at 8, *NAVAL CADETS*. Opera Comique, in three acts, composed by RICHARD GEME. Supported by Madames Selina Dolaro, St. Quinton, Violet Cameron; Messrs. Harry Paulson, Lordian, W. E. Gregory, Debibagh Newton, Mitchell, a powerful company. New and magnificent scenery by Messrs. E. Ryan, Spring, and W. Haan. Costumes by Morris, and Mdlle. Alias. Furniture by Mr. S. Lyon. Full band and chorus. Conductor, Mr. Edward Solomon. Proceeded, at 7.15, by the celebrated Oriental Extravaganza, *THE HAPPY MAN*. In which Madames Graham, Charley; Messrs. Wilton, Hill, Craven, Henry, and Mr. Shiel Barry will appear. The whole produced under the direction of Mr. H. B. Farlie. Acting Manager, Mr. R. D'ALBERTON. Box-office open daily from 11 till 5. Doors open 0.45.

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Shakspere's Comedy, *AS YOU LIKE IT*. Every afternoon at 3, in which MESSRS. Lionel Brough, Herman Vasin, W. Farren, Kyrie Bellow, F. E. D'Albret, E. G. Edgar, J. Bannister, C. Cox, G. Coventry, F. Charles, E. Grosvenor, T. Stephens, G. Trevor, C. Bunch, and Miss Litton, Miss Creswell, Miss Brunton, Miss Olivia Hodson will appear. Stage Manager, Mr. COX. The doors open at 2.30; Overture at 2.45; Comedy precisely at 3; Carriages 5.45. Night Performances on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Doors open at 7. NO. 1 ROUND THE CORNER, at 7.30; "AS YOU LIKE IT," at 8.15, with the same powerful cast as in the afternoon.

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Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.
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